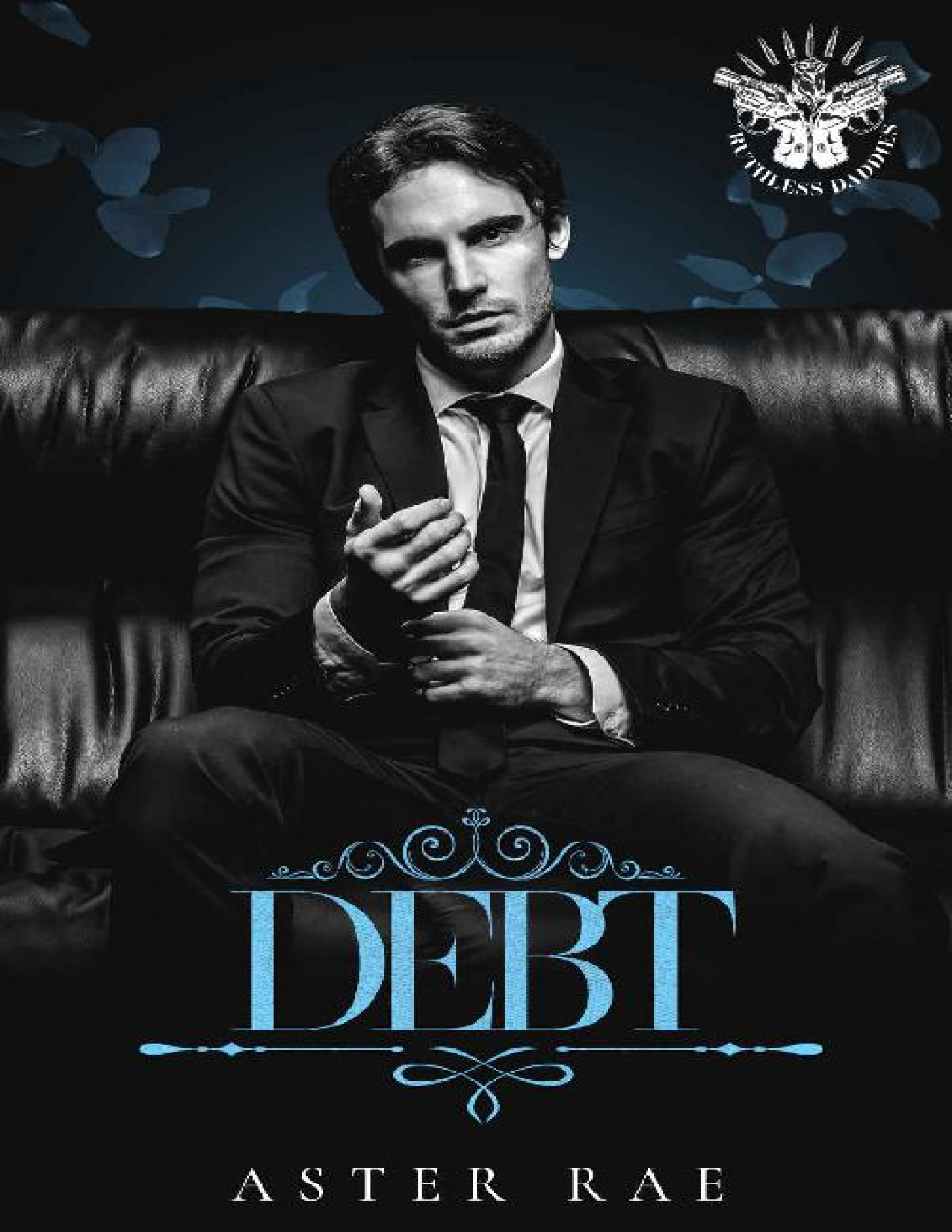

DEBT

ASTER RAE

Debt

Ruthless Daddies

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Ruthless Daddies Series
Also by Aster Rae
About the Author

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Thank you Missy, Heather, and Janet for beta reading. I appreciate your help so much :)

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All characters are 18+. Not for readers under 18 or those uncomfortable with adult content.

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Warnings and Triggers

Warning: This is a sweeter Mafia Daddy relationship with little angst (except for a psycho ass twist at the end). This multi-author series contains ALL types of couples — dark, bloody, and more. My character Cove is a ball of love who just wants to burrow into his Daddy's cold heart. Salvatore is a little darker than my usual Daddies.

That said, this book contains dark content that may not be suitable for all readers. Please visit authorasterrae.com/trigger-warnings for a complete list.

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This book is dedicated to the badass readers out there who love their Mafia Daddies

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Prologue

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Cove

IT HAPPENS IN AN INSTANT.

The door crashes open on the far side of the garage.

A devilish figure marches toward me, full of menace. A wave of spicy cologne assaults my nose, causing me to gag. The stranger trails his calloused fingers across my cheek, letting out a familiar growl. He runs his hand over my tummy, dragging his nails over my chest.

Revulsion slams into me. I manage to stare into his eyes, then fight back the urge to vomit when he confirms my worst suspicions.

I recognize him at once.

My father.

Salem Fisher.

The bastard who raped my Mom in front of me and forced me to watch.

The man who beat me every night until I passed out.

The deadliest motherfucker in LA.

"Dad!" I let out a sob. "Why are you here?"

My father smirks. "You're about to fucking find out."

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Chapter One

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Cove

Two months earlier

EVICTION.

I didn't expect it to happen so soon.

Tears well in my eyes as I sit on the living room sofa, reading the final notice from my mother's landlord Mr. Barron. I replay the words she spoke earlier this morning like a bad omen when she told me he was kicking us out.

"I haven't paid rent in three months. We need to find a new place to live."

A sniffle escapes me as I pull my favorite stuffy Posy Roses to my chest.

It'll be okay. Pick up a fourth job and you'll make the money back in no time. You can work extra hard this year.

It's pathetic, really. When Mom and I first moved to the Lake Projects, I didn't expect us to stay here forever. It's not the nicest place, and junkies occupy most of the rooms on the main floor, but it's where Mom and I built a life for ourselves after we ran away from my father, Salem, five years ago.

The loud, pulsating music we hear at night is annoying, and the hobos lining the street outside catcall me when I walk by with my stuffies, but it's

better than the rest of Los Angeles.

But Mom started gambling again last year.

She thought she'd improve our situation by hitting the slot machines, but she depleted the small amount we had left in our reserves.

Now, we face eviction.

If we don't produce the cash, we're screwed with a capital S.

"Deep breath." I kiss Posy Roses. "You can pick up more shifts at the toy store. They're always short-staffed."

This is the shitty part. There aren't many opportunities for highly paid unskilled work in LA. Before my father started beating Mom, we lived in a mansion in the Hollywood Hills. Maids and servants waited on us hand and foot, and I attended the best schools. Celebrity children sat next to me in class and I helped them with their assignments.

Doing homework for wealthy students was the way I made the most of my situation. Many of the kids tried to bribe me with drugs, but I pushed through anyway.

Everything changed when Dad lost his big promotion. When he wasn't smacking Mom, he demanded sex from her more often, sometimes forcing me to watch.

One night after he passed out on the sofa, she handed me a suitcase and told me to pack my bags. We fled our estate in the Hills and came to the Lake Projects.

Mom bribed the reception desk workers to turn away every man matching Dad's description. She gave the lady at the front desk our last penny in our bank account to get her on our side.

That was five years ago. The Lake Projects has become our haven.

But now, if we don't scrounge up the money by tomorrow… our landlord will evict us.

Our vicious, demonic landlord.

A chill runs up my spine as I think of our terrible landlord. Mr. Barron has a reputation for pure *evil* in this apartment complex.

When a family falls behind on rent, he kicks them to the street without a second thought. He doesn't give a shit if they have kids or elderly grandparents living with them.

No one knows how Mr. Barron made his money to buy these tenements. Some say he has connections to vicious Wall Street hedge funds. Others say he's a front man for foreign oligarchs. Others say he's a mob boss. This last rumor chills me most of all.

Sometimes, when Mr. Barron pulls up in his limousine, I glimpse the outline of a gun in his suit coat. I see his firm hands and bulging muscles, and shake on the sofa.

My cock hardens in the cartoon undies I wear for comfort, and my tummy aches with need.

I have no doubt that Mr. Barron would murder anyone who came between him and his money. I wouldn't put it past him to pull that gun out of his suit coat, load the chamber, and pop a bullet in a deadbeat's head himself.

The sickest, most disgusting part of Mr. Barron is how… *attractive* he is. I can't admit this out loud or speak about the naughty thoughts that swirl through my mind late at night, but Mr. Barron is unlike any man I've ever *seen*.

Rich.

Ferocious.

Powerful.

I have disgusting fantasies about this man. *Private*… fantasies.

My cock throbs as I envision Mr. Barron breaking into Mom's apartment, sliding open the door and approaching me. His jaw ticks as he looks me up and down, eyeing me in my favorite onesie that I only use when I feel safe.

I picture Mr. Barron marching over to me and ordering that I pay rent in other ways.

"You've been a very bad boy. Your mother hasn't paid her bills."

In these fantasies, I always call Mr. Barron… *Daddy*. It's not right. This man has kicked out so many poor families who have nowhere else to go. He's the devil incarnate, evil in every way.

But late at night, when I snuggle in my bed and press Posy Roses to my rib cage, going over the events of the day, I can't help but picture myself curling up in Mr. Barron's arms, spreading my ass cheeks, telling him to put his cock in my passage, and letting him rut me as I scream and moan.

I want Mr. Barron to bulldoze me, to feel his thick cock inside me while I hold my stuffy, and I desire to be the boy who changes him.

I know there's a decent human under there somewhere. A knight with a heart of gold underneath his ruthless exterior. I'd give every part of myself to be his.

You're stupid. Mr. Barron would never want a boy like you. You're too poor and you can't even afford rent.

I need to let it go. I probably only harbor these fantasies because my father is dangerous, too, and I think Mr. Barron could help me with my situation. But that doesn't mean it's okay.

I pick up the letter and grimace. Instead of fantasizing about Mr. Barron, I need to figure out how to settle Mom's late rent. I'm not attending college this fall, so it shouldn't be too hard to find a fourth job.

Or a Daddy to pay Mom's debt.

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Chapter Two

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Salvatore

The next day

EVICTION DAY.

The final Saturday of the month.

I let out a growl as I adjust my papers in my briefcase, snapping my head down to avoid prying eyes.

My driver pulls off into the street, then messages me that he'll pick up the file from the real estate developers this afternoon. I tell him to hurry the fuck up and get me the approval I need.

As my limousine turns into a black dot in the distance, I focus on the task at hand.

There's a *new family* I must evict today. A family I've never spoken to. The Fishers. A single mother who gambled her money away instead of paying rent for her and her nineteen-year-old son.

Inside my leather briefcase, I possess a court order informing the Fishers they have twenty-four hours to vacate the premises. Next to the order, my Glock lies in my case, locked and loaded to blast a hole in a motherfucker's skull.

I never know what criminals I'll run into in this complex. What enemies from my family's drug and weapons business lie in wait. I must be ready to fight at all costs.

But right now, I'm not thinking about my adversaries. I'm not even contemplating the investigation the city opened into my family's money laundering practices to take me down.

I can only think about… *one boy*.

Cove Fisher.

Every fourth Saturday of the month, the same shabby, tattered curtains open on the ninth floor, and the angel sticks his head out the window. He watches me exit my limousine, his breath fogging the glass, his nose pressed against the pane.

Cove has creamy white skin and an unruly mop of dark chestnut hair that rests on his forehead, as floppy as a baby bunny's ears. A stuffed rabbit always sits on the sofa next to him in a pink crocheted sweater, and the sweater has a tiny heart on it, clearly homemade.

I can't help but wonder if Cove crocheted it for the rabbit himself.

His full name is… *Cove Welsby Fisher.* I looked this in the apartment complex database after the first time I saw him. I don't make a habit of knowing my tenants' names or family situations. They're numbers on a spreadsheet to me, people I exploit and threaten when they can't pay up.

I fell down a rabbit hole learning everything about Cove and his mother. I discovered he's nineteen now, and he and his mother escaped a difficult home situation in the Hollywood Hills. He's lived in my complex since he was fourteen, and his mother bribed my receptionist to turn away every man who resembled his father.

The news articles my assistant gathered didn't paint a picture of the specifics of the case. But it must've been vicious for the Fishers to move to a place like the Lake Projects. We're the last choice for anyone who isn't a malefactor in society.

Sometimes, in my limousine, after I feel Cove's eyes blazing on me when I return from serving papers to deadbeat tenants, I can't help but entertain… *other* thoughts.

Forbidden thoughts.

A horny growl escapes me as I picture heaving Cove into my arms, asking him why he watches me every month, running my fingers through his floppy chestnut hair that I've seen so many times through my sunglasses, and burying my uncut cock in his hole.

I imagine pressing my lips to Cove's, pushing my tongue in his mouth, then grinding in his channel, relishing the heat of his virginal body, and ordering him to call me Daddy as I rut in him.

Never in my career have I felt this way about a tenant. People mean nothing to me. They pay me every month, my employees check off their debt, and I go on with my fucking life. If my tenants don't pay back rent after they receive my notices, I kick them out and send them to the street.

Most people here are bums. The scum of society who take drugs all day and run prostitution rings out of their rooms. They drink their paychecks away and would never last longer than two weeks in another housing complex.

Cove… is *different*. His red lips beg for a Daddy, and his wide eyes conceal a naughty devilish side underneath. He makes me feel shit I haven't in years, which is dangerous as fuck. I've put my personal happiness on the back burner and focus on building my family's Mafia empire. Boys aren't worth my time.

But it's been a lifetime since I've gotten my dick wet in someone as young as Cove. When I was in my twenties, I used to fuck boys all the time, grinding in their holes as I busted my load. I fucked indiscriminately, not giving a shit who they were as long as I got my rocks off.

After the shit that went down with my ex, I don't entertain goddamn thoughts like these. They only distract me from my business.

Before I enter the Projects, my phone buzzes.

"Hello?" I snap, ready to blow off the caller's head.

I’m on a goddamn mission right now and I don't have time for bullshit.

"I hooked you up with a meeting with the municipality board tonight.” My assistant is blunt.

“Noted.” I snarl into the phone. "Don't call me again."

I slam my phone into my back pocket. My assistant knows not to bother me with business meetings before I handle my evictions. If it's urgent, she sends me a text and I deal with her shit when I leave. I never know if a crazy motherfucker will leap out of a locked bedroom and knife me.

I'm heading toward the apartment doors when I feel… eyes on me.

I snap my gaze up to the ninth floor. Sure enough, Cove presses his face against the glass, his eyes wide and curious. His bunny stuffy sits in his left hand, and I glimpse a sheen on his cheeks that I've never noticed before.

Oh shit. Are those… *tears*?

The sight of his tears sends a bolt of rage coursing through me. I want to pull out my Glock and mow down every fucking person in this vicinity.

But I refuse to act on my attraction. Not after last time.

I don't offer alternative payment plans to these bums and I'm not about to start now.

This boy can cry all he wants, but I refuse to show leniency.

He should've thought about that shit before he and his mother fell behind on rent.

I tighten my grip on my briefcase and step into the building.

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Chapter Three

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Cove

MR. BARRON ISN'T EVEN INSIDE THE BUILDING YET, BUT ALREADY I CAN feel my insides tingling.

A breath escapes me as I pull away from the window, tears running down my cheeks. I press Posy Roses to my chest, a sniffle ushering out of me when I realize that our life in the Projects is over. Checking Mom's calendar one final time, I know we're out of luck.

Today's the day.

The Saturday when Mr. Barron serves eviction notices.

In twenty-four hours, Mom and I need a new place to live… or we'll end up on the street.

As I cuddle my comfort stuffy, my mind drifts over the events of the past week. Last Tuesday, I had a heart-to-heart conversation with Mom about her gambling. She'd just come back from work and wanted to lock herself up in her room to play slots on her phone.

I told her to please listen to me at the kitchen table to hear what I had to say.

Mom didn't want to do it. She gritted her teeth and explained her feet were killing her as she poured herself a glass of gin. She said that she made fifty dollars vacuuming an industrial complex in downtown LA today, and that she'd catch up on rent payments in no time. But at this moment, she needed to rest her feet because if she didn't, her legs would twitch all night.

I didn't buy a word she told me. Not for a second. Pulling out our dollar store dining room chair, I asked her to sit down so I could discuss something urgent with her. I informed her that Mr. Barron sent our final rent notice and that, when next Saturday rolled around, we wouldn't have a place to live.

Mom's jaw ticked, and a look of rage drifted across her features. She told me to mind my damn business, that she was a grown ass woman who didn't want a nineteen-year-old telling her what to do. She said she's looking for work, and that it's unnecessary to badger her about our rent situation every time she arrives home from work.

"I'll deal with this shit tomorrow. Right now, I need to watch TV."

It was too much to take. Fighting back tears, I pushed in my chair and ran to my room. Sobs wracked my throat as I threw myself on my bed, pulling out the eviction notice, and reading it for the hundredth time while I cuddled Posy Roses. I told myself I could get a fourth job, and that Mom and I would find another place to live soon.

I even lied to myself and said that Mom might win big on her next trip to the casino. Maybe she'd accrued enough luck losing money over the past six months to catch a break. All she needed was one fortunate spin at the slot machines, or a blackjack hand that worked in her favor, and we'd be able to stay in the Lake Projects.

No such luck. Yesterday, Mom took the free bus to the casino with her recent paycheck and traded it in for chips. She didn't even last long enough to get a free meal at the buffet. While I was in the tub with my rubber duckies, Mom returned and locked herself in her bedroom. She'd spent every penny in our shared bank account.

I couldn't handle it anymore. This time, I let tears cascade down my cheeks freely, mixing with the pink bubbles I purchased at the dollar store. Loud, pathetic sobs ripped out of my throat, and I hugged my rubber duckies as tight as I could. My eyes flitted around the bathtub, and I realized I was likely sitting in this tub for the last time.

Tomorrow, Mr. Barron would come.

He'd inform us that our life in the Lake Projects was over and that we needed to leave.

This is what I think about as I sit on the sofa. Drying my tears on my shirtsleeve, I cuddle Posy Roses and wait for Mr. Barron. Any moment, a sharp fist will rap on the door three times like it does every fourth Saturday of the month when the devil pulls up in his limousine. I'll hear a deep, gravelly voice ask for Mom, and I'll realize my time is up. Mom and I will be homeless. We'll have to catch a bus to another city or find a comfortable bridge to sleep under. If we don't, Dad will hunt us down and drag us back to the Hollywood Hills where he'll finish the job he started.

Knock knock.

Unease braids into me. My eyes tick up and travel to the door across the room. I hear footsteps on the tattered linoleum hallway and the sound of heavy breathing. Squinting, I make out two firm feet under the crack, and realize these are the shoes Mr. Barron wore walking into the Projects.

It's him. Oh sweet mercy, it's him. Today's the day he serves our final notice and kicks us out.

Tears well in my eyes, but I force myself to be brave. After all, I didn't get this far by allowing fear to overtake me. Witnessing Dad beat Mom up every night should've ended me when I was thirteen, but I pushed through the pain. This eviction will be brutal, and it won't be easy to locate a place in LA. But Mom and I will start over together. We always do.

I'll get a fourth job and save up enough money to put Mom in therapy. Or I'll spend more time at the public library and search for free Gamblers Anonymous meetings she can attend.

Rubbing my eyes, I stand up straight and clutch Posy Roses under my arm. After I cross the living room, I place my hand on the doorknob and crack open the door.

I push every naughty fantasy I've had about this man out of my mind, focusing on the present. Thinking about Mr. Barron's firm arms wrapped around me, pressing me snug against his undoubtedly muscular chest, will hurt me. I refuse to entertain fantasies about bringing Posy Roses to my

cock and beating myself off furiously, crying out Daddy as I visualize him sliding into me for the first time.

I can't think about the worst fantasy of all, when I picture Mr. Barron entering this apartment without knocking, adjusting his beautiful suit as he looks around, then spotting me lying on the sofa, my favorite blanket on my chest, holding Posy Roses tight under my arm, my dick hard and achy for him, then walking over to me, bringing his hand between my legs, rubbing my cock and telling me I don't need to worry, I don't need to fear, because Daddy's here, he spotted me the minute I moved in, that he's wanted me since I turned eighteen, confessing that I'm the first boy who made him feel like he's more than the monster everyone says he is, that I'm a light in a dark world and that, with a mere fraction of my love, he can truly be a Daddy again.

My cheeks flush pink as need courses through my body.

What little leverage I have over this situation will vanish like mist if I insinuate I want Mr. Barron. I must take his notice, thrust it by my side, and let him know Mom and I will be out of his hair in no time.

I won't beg.

I won't get on my hands and knees like so many of the pathetic residents do in this circumstance.

I've heard dozens of people break down in tears, pleading for leniency, but I don't wish to do that. I'll accept my fate with honor.

Opening the door, I face Mr. Barron. My breath hitches, and a bead of sweat drips down my neck.

Staring at Mr. Barron for the first time is like… looking into another *universe*. His eyes are deep hazel with flashes of cream. His tiny, menacing pupils remind me of black holes, and I feel my knees tremble. Thick muscles bulge in his fitted suit, and I glimpse diamond cufflinks on his shirtsleeves. On his left hand, the most luxurious watch I've ever seen sparkles in the dingy hallway lights, the only nice thing in this entire tenement.

But his lips… *are what I focus on most.* Something about his plush, red lips, slightly damp when he runs his tongue across the lower one, stirs flames in my insides. I promised myself not to entertain my silly schoolboy fantasies, but a single look at his mouth, that evil mouth that's told people to abandon his property so many times before, makes me squirm.

I shouldn't think these things. This man… is the *devil*. If Lucifer himself showed up from the pits of hell, he'd take the form of Mr. Barron. It wouldn't surprise me if his middle name is *Diablo*.

Be brave. Accept the eviction notice with dignity and give it to Mom.

“Get your mother.” Mr. Barron's voice is icy. Low. “Mrs. Fisher.”

My eyes burn, but I force myself to blink back tears. "She's not available right now. How can I help you?"

Mr. Barron's hazel eyes assess every inch of my body, my smooth legs in my khakis, my cotton candy-colored shirt with an ice cream cone on it, and my achy midsection. He stares at my wrists, first the left, then the right, mentally calculating something I fail to decipher. I feel like an ancient relic a scientist stumbled across for the first time, and I can't help but quiver under his omniscient gaze.

He ticks his eyes up to me. "My name is Salvatore Barron. I own this apartment complex with my family. You and your mother haven't paid rent in three months. I'm serving you papers today."

My vision blurs, but I force myself to stay standing. Yes, I knew this was coming. There's no escaping it in the Lake Projects. If you fail to pay, he doesn't grant you leniency. He simply hands you your final eviction notice and kicks you to the curb.

Scrunching my eyes tight, I urge myself not to cry. "I understand."

My voice is small and weak as I stare at my feet, pretending I find them so much more interesting than Mr. Barron. In reality, this man unlocks each of the unspoken fantasies I've entertained about him over the past five years. He's cruel; grace is a foreign concept to him. And yet…

One look in his hazel eyes tells me there's a gentle side underneath his ruthless exterior. Mr. Barron doesn't enjoy serving papers or kicking people out when they can't afford to pay. Even if he is the devil, maybe all he needs is a boy to snuggle with him to change his dark heart.

Maybe that boy could be… *me*.

You're stupid. He's here to serve you papers and leave. Don't get it twisted.

"I'm evicting you and your mother." Mr. Barron's voice is dark as he hands me a manila envelope. "You have twenty-four hours to vacate the premises unless you pay your accrued rent by the end of the day."

A faint breath escapes me as I raise my eyes to Mr. Barron's. I promised myself I wouldn't show weakness. I swore an oath to act like the man my father never taught me to be and accept my fate.

But at this moment… staring into Mr. Barron's gorgeous yet vicious gaze… *with the weight of the fucking world on my shoulders*… I can't go down without a fight.

Mr. Barron is the only man in LA with the power to keep Mom and me off the streets. He's the one person who can take on my father and protect Mom from his unrelenting fists. If there's even a sliver of a chance, a tiny insignificant ray of hope that will let us stay in our apartment, I have a duty to make use of it.

I'd never forgive myself if I blew the only opportunity I had for a better life for Mom and me.

I must take action. *Now*.

Rubbing tears from my eyes, I force myself to be strong. "I told myself I wouldn't do this." Fighting back sobs, I pat my chest and push on. "You have a zero-tolerance policy for late rent. But my mother… has a gambling addiction. She promises to go to GA meetings, but she never does. If you give us one more chance, we'll make it up by next month."

Mr. Barron's eyes turn to slits. His menacing gaze bores into my soul, and I can't help but wonder what he sees.

At last, he takes a step forward. He plants his firm feet in front of mine, then grips my jaw with his thumb and index finger. A wave of oak and linseed oil washes over me as he tilts my chin up, and I let out a groan as it overpowers my senses.

Foreign sensations bubble up in my chest. I've never had a man… *touch me* before. I understand Mr. Barron only does this to hear more about my family situation, but I can't help but entertain my silly juvenile fantasies.

"I'm not in the habit of extending credit to my deadbeat tenants." Mr. Barron's voice is firm, deadly. "I've tried before. They never follow through. Tell me why you and your mother would be different."

A tear falls down my cheek. "I can… pay in other ways. I've never been with a man before and you can… have me. You can… touch me. Put your cock inside me. If you let us stay in your building."

It happens in an instant.

The palpable shift in Mr. Barron's expression.

"*Get your stuffy I see you holding in the window. Come with me*."

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Chapter Four

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Salvatore

RAGE.

It bubbles up within me, thick and sinewy.

After Cove grabs his rabbit stuffy, I lead him down the dimly lit hallway to the tenement elevator. I nearly snap the fucking floor in two as I march. I plan to bring him to my limousine and escort him to my estate in Calabasas, where we'll discuss an *alternative* payment arrangement.

But I'm barely able to fucking think about the arrangement I wish to propose. I can't entertain the thought of offering Cove a two-month trial run with me, one where he'll work off his deadbeat mother's debt, serve me in my business meetings like a Roman cupbearer, assist me in… my *private* fantasies. Not when I realize how shitty his home life is.

If I were a lesser man, I'd stomp into his fucking apartment and grab his mother by the collar, then bash her skull in with my gun. I've never hit a woman, and even though my father had his flaws, he taught me never to put my hands on a female growing up. My mother provoked my father countless times, and they engaged in more screaming matches than most normal families do in a lifetime, but my father always removed himself from the situation when it turned violent.

Yet Cove's mother makes me see red. Does she have any idea what her actions do to her son? Does she realize that, because she sits her fucking ass in front of a slot machine and spends her paychecks away, putting quarter

after quarter into the device in hopes of a big win, her boy offers his body to his vicious landlord to remain in his apartment?

It's disgusting, and the fact that Cove's mother doesn't understand the consequences of her negligent actions infuriates me. This boy will do anything to stay in the Lake Projects. He and his mother's situation must be bad, because this is by far the worst tenement in this city.

I remember reading that Cove's father did something to his family in the Hollywood Hills. I don't know what it was, but I vow to discover it this coming month so he can quit living in fear and leave this shithole I own.

"Follow me." I keep my voice deadly as I guide Cove into the elevator. "My driver waits outside."

Cove sniffles as he steps between the metal doors, taking soft, timid steps. My gaze drifts to his waist once again.

Seeing my window boy up close for the first time, glimpsing his downy, pale cheeks, is a revelation. Never in my life have I laid eyes on someone like Cove. The cotton candy-colored T-shirt with ice cream cones on it and the beige khakis he wears that cover his slender body spark something within my gut. His dainty, feminine wrists don't have a shred of hair on them, and their very thinness ignites my latent protective instincts.

Cove's the type of boy you want to dress in zoo animal pajamas and bounce on your lap. I picture tugging his khakis down, exposing his slim, naked body, and taking every inch of his sweet sin for myself. Visions of sliding my fingers through his chestnut locks while I buck into him swirl through my mind. Then I want to slide him in a onesie and take him with me.

This is *dangerous*. Twenty years have passed since I allowed myself to be a Daddy to a boy. I poured my entire being into my last relationship, but my ex-boyfriend Azazel fucked me over after we dated for three years. After his lies, I vowed never to mess with goddamned men again.

Calm the fuck down. This is how you got into trouble last time.

Cove adjusts his grip on his bunny stuffy, then stares at his feet. "Thank you for listening to me. I felt like such a fool for speaking up, because I promised myself I'd be brave. But I couldn't stop my words."

The losers in the Projects love to beg for mercy. They throw themselves at my feet in hopes I'll change my heart. I normally tell them to go fuck themselves, because why the hell should I extend them credit?

After all, most of these tenants are on their third and fourth chances. Contrary to rumor, I don't evict families when they miss one month of rent. I allow tenants two months to catch up on late payments.

When month three rolls around, I've exhausted my patience. These deadbeat losers fuck with my family's money, and I won't allow that. That's when I pull up in my limousine and evict them my fucking self. If they still refuse to pay, I send my goons in the middle of the night to throw them to the streets.

"You did nothing wrong." I clip out a growl. "If you hadn't spoken up, I'd have left you to fend for yourself with your deadbeat mother."

Cove glares at me. "My Mom's not a deadbeat." He packs his voice with righteous indignation. "She gambles because we ran away from my Dad. She hasn't done it in many years, and I don't know why she started again. But she isn't a loser."

"Uh huh." I clench my fists. "Tell me more about it in the car."

Cove tightens his grip on his stuffy and closes his eyes. "I appreciate you giving me a second chance. Mom… and I won't have another place to go. We've lived here for the past five years, and it's our home."

Homelessness. It's a fact that some of my tenants may not find other residences. Shoddy hotels will take them in for short periods of time, but it's difficult to stumble upon long-term leases when you sell crack. Add in the reality that most of my renters are criminals, it makes the situation even more dire.

"You won't be homeless." I bite back a snarl. "We provide our solid residents with an informational packet containing shelters in the area that will take you in. We never want our former clients to be on the streets in this city."

Unless they're pimping out young girls or planning to fucking rob me. I've dealt with double-crossing malefactors who begged me to take them in and

then sent men to my limousine to put a gun to my head. It's why I always walk around with my fucking weapon, ready to bust a cap in a tenant’s ass.

Before Cove raises his eyelids, I study his face. His nose is pointy, his eyelashes soft as silk. They fan out over his cheeks, kissing his skin. But the bags under his eyes are shitty as fuck. I can tell that this boy has spent many sleepless nights in the Lake Projects.

For the second time today, I wonder what the hell happened in Cove's past that forced his mother to move here. He mentioned something about running from his Dad, but that didn't quell my curiosity. I must discover the reason he lived here so long, and why his mother stayed for five years, too. Yet I must not ask until I've gained Cove's trust. It's clearly a monumental secret.

"I…" Cove kisses his stuffy. "I didn't realize you helped people you evicted. Truthfully, I thought you threw them to the street."

"We do." I refuse to mince words. "But not before I try to assist them once. Unless they're a career criminal or a pimp."

I narrow my eyes. "Tell me the name of your stuffy."

Cove blushes as he lifts his stuffed bunny. "I can’t.” He shakes his head.

I growl as I face Cove. “Listen to me." I keep my voice curt as I force his head up. “You don't run the show here. I don't know how the hell you lived with your Mom, but when I give you a command, you listen. If not, there’ll be some serious fucking problems.”

Cove’s lower lip quivers. “Posy Roses. That's his name. He's my comfort animal."

“Good boy.” A vein on my wrist pulses. “Take Posy Roses and follow me to my limousine."

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Chapter Five

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Cove

THE LIMOUSINE RIDE DOESN'T TAKE LONG.

Salvatore and I pull out of the Lake Projects, then cross the city to Calabasas in less than thirty minutes. He sits across from me on the leather seats, his eyes glued to his phone, his legs spread wide. His black briefcase lies next to him, filled with God knows what documents that could spell trouble for residents in the Projects.

But I'm not thinking about the Projects right now. I'm not even thinking about my mother who's likely playing slots on her phone, sipping gin in her bed. Whether she realizes I'm not there is none of my concern.

At this moment, sitting on a luxurious seat in a limo, with Posy Roses on my lap and the devil himself across from me, I can only think of… *him*.

Salvatore. Fucking. Barron.

A chill works up my spine as I wiggle my bum on the leather, stealing another glance at my rescuer/captor. Truth be told, when I begged him for leniency, I expected him to snap his briefcase shut in my face. I didn't predict he'd hear me out or respond to my offer in the affirmative.

I don't know what to expect when we reach Calabasas, but I pray it'll be exciting.

Salvatore ticks his eyes up. "We'll arrive in Calabasas at any moment. There are a few ground rules we must go over before we pull up."

I nod, then hug Posy Roses as tight as I can. Even though I should be afraid of this man, I understand he wishes to help me. I'd be a fool not to listen to every word he says.

The worst thing that could happen is if he reneges on his offer to bring me with him. If he sends me back to the Projects and tells me I must find another way to pay rent, I don't have anywhere to go.

"Okay." Running my palm across my khakis, I pick at the cuticle on my left thumb. "I'm listening."

Salvatore reaches out and opens a black compartment in the limousine. "Take a glass of sparkling water." His voice is stern as he stares at me. "It'll help you relax."

My eyes drift to where Salvatore's hand rests. I spy a blue bottle of sparkling water, then pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming.

Okay, this is something I didn't see coming. I figured Salvatore would be *vicious* when we entered the limousine and only speak about our arrangement. After all, the rumors that circle the Projects about he are never kind. Not once has he extended credit to a resident who falls on hard times.

But now, he offers to pour me a sparkling beverage because it'll help me calm down. He wants to make sure I'm relaxed for this conversation, that I have my wits about me.

I nod. "Okay."

Salvatore picks up a pair of stainless-steel tongs and dumps three ice cubes into a glass. Tilting the sparkling water bottle up, he fills my cup to the brim, then closes the black compartment.

He hands the beverage to me, then motions for me to accept it.

"*Take*."

Cold. Intense. Deadly.

The change in Salvatore's tone of voice sends a chill up my spine, and I hurry to accept his gift. Even though I've only been in this limousine for

thirty minutes, I've done an excellent job of not pissing him off. I wouldn't forgive myself if I started now.

I take the glass, then adjust my grip on Posy Roses so I can hold it without spilling. "Thank you."

The cool, moist condensation wets my palm. As I force myself to calm down, I realize my hand isn't the… *only thing* that's wet.

Sitting across from Salvatore, breathing his oak and linseed oil cologne, I can't help but grow aroused. My cock throbs in my favorite pair of cartoon undies I put on before he arrived, and I let out a groan when a bead of pre-cum slips out of my shaft.

I stare at him, forcing myself to stay in control of my emotions. Working at the toy store, I run into sexy older men purchasing toys for their children all the time. I've seen my fair share of hot guys whose arms I wouldn't mind climbing into.

Salvatore blows every man I've crushed on out of the water. His firm, chiseled jaw conveys an acute sense of power. The muscles under his suit make me tremble with need. Even the harsh glint in his hazel eyes when he stares at me makes me shiver like nothing ever has.

I know I shouldn't feel these things, because Salvatore could destroy my entire life with the flick of his wrist, but my body can't *help* but react. He's the sexiest man I've ever seen, and sitting in his mere presence stimulates me.

My mind races through the various fantasies I've concocted over the years while watching Salvatore enter the Lake Projects. Would he take his suit coat off and let me warm his cock in his limousine? Would he allow me to curl up on his lap like a little puppy and wrap my lips around his nipple, suckling him like the boys in the stories I read online?

Cool your jets. This man controls your fate, and you're a fool to think these things.

Salvatore taps his briefcase. "When we arrive in Calabasas, my maid will escort you to your room. I won't stay with you today because I have a video conference with the city municipality board about a new apartment complex

I'm building in East LA. She'll provide you with clothes and a massage. When you finish your massage, she'll take you to my private movie theater where you can watch anything you desire. You've had a rough fucking past few months, and I want you to recuperate. You'll need your full energy when we meet again in the morning to discuss the full terms of our agreement."

Salvatore's words don't register at first. I'm still stuck on the… *movie theater* part. When the rest of his proposal reaches my tired brain, I'm too shocked to speak.

"You… want me to watch a movie in your *private theater*?"

I'm breathless. From what Salvatore described, his Calabasas home is beyond stunning. I envision a palatial estate surrounded by columns, a mansion with every type of amenity. I picture palm trees and high ceilings, and servants attending to my needs.

Truthfully, it's too much to comprehend. I've seen celebrities' homes on television, and I've often dreamt about taking a dip in their exquisite pools. But never, ever in my life have I met anyone with this type of money. Salvatore's description of his home makes me think he's a sovereign prince with a secret wealth fund stashed away in a foreign country, or at least a mob boss with thousands of workers at his beck and call.

Part of me wonders if Salvatore exaggerates his wealth. Of course, he has no reason to, and it'd be silly to lie about something that I'll see for myself any minute. But another side of me, one that lies deeper within my soul, knows he tells the truth.

"Yes." Salvatore adjusts his expensive watch on his wrist. "I expect you to rest. My proposal tomorrow morning will take energy, and I need you operating at full capacity."

After taking a sip of sparkling water, I nod. "I can do that."

I stay calm. I don't freak out. After all, Salvatore needs me to keep a relaxed demeanor around him.

But the thought of a private movie theater and a massage in a colossal Calabasas estate—an estate with servants—sends my heart racing into

overdrive. I envision lying down on a massage table, letting my worries wash away, a sweet maid with massage skills kneading my muscles. I imagine myself with a big bowl of popcorn, perhaps even a package of gummy treats, reclining in a home theater while my favorite animated movie plays on a giant television.

My Little side takes control of my mind and pushes the adult version of me to the wings. Warmth swirls around my chest, and I fight the urge to laugh as bliss bubbles up within me.

I steal another peek at Salvatore, then immediately bury myself in Posy Roses. He… gives gifts that no other man can give. He knows what I need to feel better about myself, and he treats me like no other man has.

Granted, I know that at some point Salvatore will take my virginity—that was the bargain. And truthfully, my body burns for that moment. But right now, I don't want to think of this as a mere sexual exchange. Crazy as it sounds, my heart doesn't feel like he helps me because I offered him sex. I believe he assists me out of the kindness of his heart.

Peeking over Posy Roses' ear, I glance at Salvatore again. An expression I can't place sits on his face, something cold and cruel. He runs his thumb over his chin, studying me as I cuddle my stuffy.

The word I want to say above all lies on the tip of my tongue… Daddy. God, I desire to call Salvatore by this title. This is the fucking man I've fantasized about since I was in high school, the evil devil who kicks people out of the Projects without warning. Of course, I learned today that's not true, that he gives second chances… which only makes me quiver even more inside. Lord knows how, but I knew he harbored a sweet side underneath his ruthless exterior, a side he never showed the tenants in his building.

Daddy. A single word packed with so much meaning. I wonder if Salvatore's ever heard of Daddy kink before.

Does he know what Littles are? Does he understand I cuddle with Posy Roses because I'm a Little inside, not because I'm mentally delayed or stuck in a perpetual state of childhood like so many other people assume?

Salvatore narrows his eyes. "That's a pretty stuffed rabbit you have.”

"Posy’s great.” I run my fingers over Posy Roses' floppy ears, brushing out his cowlick. "He's my comfort bunny, so he needs to be pretty. I hold him at night."

"I see you holding Posy in the window when I pull up. You and Posy spy on me every fourth Saturday of the month."

Oops. Busted.

"We're interested in the man who owns the Lake Projects." I speak quickly. "Or, I should say, we're curious to discover who you evict that day. I don't work Saturdays, so I stay home to watch."

Salvatore's expression tightens.

"I've seen your eyes on me for years." Low. Growly. Fierce. "I spot Posy in the window with his crocheted sweater. Do you crochet his clothes yourself?"

I nod. "It's something I do to relax after work. I like to make pretty sweaters he can wear when we cuddle in bed."

"Next week, I'll send a servant back to the Lake Project to pick up Posy's sweaters.” He gnashes his teeth together. “I’d like to see more of them in Calabasas."

Salvatore's unprompted kindness astonishes me. Never, ever in my life has a man treated me with so much generosity. I expected him to be vicious in this limousine, to demand the gift I offered him at once. I supposed he'd thrust me on the leather seats, tear my clothes off, and bury himself inside my virgin hole.

Instead of claiming what's rightfully his, Salvatore asks me about my stuffy.

Instead of treating me like garbage, he promises me movies and private theaters and snacks.

Now, of course, when Salvatore asks me to uphold my end of the bargain eventually, I'll be ready for that. But at this moment, in this limousine,

listening to him promise me he'll bring Posy's favorite clothes from the Projects—which are the only clothes he feels comfortable in, thank you very much—I feel better than I have in a long, long time.

My eyes burn as I raise my gaze. "You don't have to do this."

The urge to sob is overwhelming. It's only a matter of minutes before I break down. No adult male treats me like this. Not my father who threatened me when I tried to protect my Mom while he beat her. Not my middle school teachers who put me in detention when they busted me doing my classmates' homework. Not my high school instructors who said that unless I slept more at night, I'd never last in college.

Salvatore respects me. That's a gift my tired mind can't even understand.

Salvatore's jaw ticks. "This arrangement is my choice. It's been a long time since I've had company in Calabasas. Most days, I come home and fire my AK-47 at one of the men I pay to run from me in my private shooting range. If my maid is busy, I lock myself in my room and map out a plan to strangle every one of my enemies. You'll give me a much-needed reprieve from everyday life."

Propping Posy Roses on my knee so he doesn't topple over, I sniffle and rub my nose. "What's our arrangement? I'm not experienced with this sort of thing, Mr. Barron. When I'm not working at the toy store to pay rent, I cuddle with Posy Roses or play with my rubber duckies."

I'd like to know exactly what's on Salvatore's mind before I enter his home. Sex is clearly part of our deal, but I also need to learn what he's into. I'm a virgin, so if he likes brutal spanking, I'd prefer knowing so I can prepare myself. Vicious domination or rough sex of any kind isn't for me, and most of my kinks are gentle and sweet.

My favorite fantasies include curling up on Salvatore's lap and suckling his nipple. They also include sucking his thumb while he brushes my hair and letting him slide his finger into my hole. I'm not a pain slut like other boys my age.

Salvatore jams his index finger on his jaw. "We'll discuss it in the morning. Don't worry. I promise not to trample over your boundaries. *Unless you*

make me."

I blow out a breath as I stare out the window. As we pull into a private driveway, I can't help but think that my wildest dreams are coming true. The man I've crushed on for years not only invites me to his home, but he's willing to negotiate with me to understand my desires.

For the second time today, the forbidden D word sits on the tip of my tongue. I steal a glimpse into Salvatore's eyes, then blush as I hide behind my stuffed animal. Yes, he resembles the perfect Daddy I fantasize about at night. He listens to my needs and respects me when it counts. He's a vicious monster with everyone else, but he opens up like a flower with me.

Twiddling my thumbs, I nod. "I can live with that." I tuck a strand of hair over my left ear. "Thank you for explaining this to me."

Salvatore adjusts his watch. "Don't get too comfortable. We're here."

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Chapter Six

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Salvatore

MY BOY HASN'T EXPERIENCED THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE IN SO LONG.

It's a shame. A damn shame.

After I lead Cove out of the limousine and usher him into my estate, I study his face. His innocent green eyes are wide, and he takes in everything around him like he's stepping into an exquisite home for the first time. He clutches Posy Roses to his chest, blowing out a breath as he drinks in the marble columns, luxurious tile floors, and ceilings that stretch high above us.

Outside, Cove checks out the courtyard surrounded by Greek statues, then shakes his head in disbelief. It's apparent he hasn't been around affluence since he lived in Hollywood Hills with his father, and the sight of my Calabasas mansion awakens something in him that's lain dormant for years.

It's a luxury estate worth thirty-five million dollars I purchased last year. My family needed a location to park our overseas funds so the authorities wouldn't examine our foreign accounts. I found this California villa for a steal. A retired movie producer overextended himself and the bank planned to foreclose. I swooped in and bought it with cash. It's where I set up my home base.

I place my hand on the small of Cove's back, then point him to the maid. "This is Charisse."

My voice is deep. Low. Deadly. If my plan is for Cove to live with me for the next two months, I must start our time together on the right foot. Of course, I've been nothing but an asshole to him since I met him, but I don’t give a fuck. I dodge bullets all day and fight turf wars against the nastiest motherfuckers in LA. I deserve to be a goddamn grump.

Still, I don't want to be a complete bastard, so I’ll introduce him to the fucking maid.

Cove's cheeks flush pink as he extends his hand. "It's nice to meet you."

Charisse coos over Cove. "Oh mercy." She presses her wrinkled palm to her heart and buries him in a hug. "Now aren't you the sweetest thing. You remind me of my grandson. He always drags his stuffed animals into the house and demands that I feed them cookies. He doesn't understand that because his stuffies' insides are fluff and rainbows, they're not alive."

This causes something to stir behind Cove's forehead. His brows furrow, and a vein bulges in his temple.

"Posy Roses *is* alive." Cove is adamant. "He may not look like it, but he's a real bunny. He eats baby carrots and cuddles with me."

Charisse puts her hands on her hips and lets out a humph.

"This one's a handful." Charisse smiles at me. "I don't know where you found him, but I'll put my Granny hat on. This boy needs a heaping plate of love."

I place my hand on Charisse's shoulder. "Cove's staying with us for the next two months. His mother is a gambling addict, and she fell on hard times."

Cove nods, then stares at his feet. "Yeah." He rubs his eyes with his hands. "I tried to get Mom to attend GA meetings, but it didn't work. Now I'm paying off rent in… *other* ways."

Charisse buries Cove in a hug. "You're safe in Mr. Barron's house. I'll bring you and your bunny stuffy to your bedroom. Then take you to his theater."

Cove's eyes bulge. "You're joking."

My angel's display of emotion reminds me of his reaction in the limousine. When I informed Cove I had a personal cinema, he went into shock. He couldn't believe I was wealthy enough to possess such a thing in my Calabasas estate.

Clearly, Cove's life these last five years has been brutal. I wouldn't put it past him if he didn't remember his time in the Hollywood Hills. From the sound of it, he hasn't been to a movie in ages, which means my job is even more important.

Charisse nods. "I'll whip you up a tub of buttery popcorn and give you gummy treats from the kitchen. I also have peanut butter cups and chocolate candy, if you enjoy that. You'll have a relaxing night."

Raising my finger, I silence my maid. "Charisse."

Charisse lifts her head. "Yes, Mr. Barron?"

I keep my voice firm. "Over the next two months, don't call me Mr. Barron. My name is Salvatore, and that's what Cove will use, too."

I'd hate to destroy any chance of getting to know Cove by insisting on unnecessary formalities. Mr. Barron is what I use when serving eviction notices to deadbeat tenants. I want to shed that vicious identity and experience the new person he makes me feel like.

Being around Cove transforms me into a chameleon. My colors are changing, but I know they'll stay deep, angry red if he runs away from me. I'd never forgive myself if I let that happen. I'd probably go on a fucking rampage and kill every one of my enemies in LA with my bare fists.

Charisse smiles. "Yes, Salvatore."

Cove gulps as he turns to me. He raises his gaze to mine… and sends a *gold-tipped arrow* straight into my heart. For the tenth time since we exited the limousine, I wonder how I got him here today.

This is the boy who watched me from his window for *five long years*. The angel I glimpsed out of the corner of my eyes. The angel I entertained secret fantasies about before I knew who he was.

To say that Cove's even more *beautiful* in person is a disservice to his creation. He exemplifies and eclipses beauty. You could point to any page in Ovid and find his description written in the ancient text.

Cove blushes as he stares into my eyes. "Salvatore." He reaches out to shake my hand. "I guess we're on a first-name basis."

My fingers wrap around Cove's. "If you slip up and refer to me by Mr. Barron, there will be consequences. It's either Salvatore or D—"

Pursing my lips, I cut myself off in the nick of time. I was on the cusp of saying… *Daddy*. My eyes lock on Cove's, and I realize I'm projecting my desires onto him.

Cove isn't aware of what Daddy kink is. There's no way. He's the spitting picture of innocence, a fresh flower in a meadow full of thorns. The stuffy he carries around speaks to this, and I know he only does it because he's gone through trauma living in the Lake Projects.

Cove certainly doesn't cling to Posy Roses because he's a *Little*. That's all too much like an old man's fantasy that will humiliate me if I act on it. No, he loves his stuffed animal because it's the only connection he has to his previous existence.

Cove clears his throat, then widens his eyes. "I'll stick with Salvatore for now."

I nod.

"That's for the best." I keep my voice low. "Let Charisse lead you to your bedroom. I have a meeting."

Cove hugs Posy Roses. "Are you sure you don't want to watch a film with me?" He peers into my eyes. "I wanted to see an animated movie, but we could choose an adult one, too. I heard there's a new Tom Cruise flick that came out last month that's incredible."

An animated movie. My breath hitches as my brain attempts to process this. Cove carries a stuffy around and watches *kids' movies* in his free time.

Knock it off. You only think Cove's a Little because you haven't been a Daddy in twenty years. Stop projecting your fantasies on to him.

*"*No show for me." I head to my office. "I'll see you in the morning. Don't stay up too late.”

“And brush your teeth tonight,” I growl before I shut my office door. “Charisse will set out a sparkling pink toothbrush I expect you to use after your movie. Gummy treats and popcorn are bad for boys' teeth. If you don't brush before you show up to breakfast tomorrow, there will be consequences."

Cove opens his mouth as if to ask me something but quickly closes it.

"I'll see you in the morning." Cove blows out a breath.

I nod. "Goodbye."

My cock is as hard as a rock when I reach my office. Opening the locked door, I step inside, then promptly shut it behind me. My palms are sweaty, and I let out a growl as I walk to my computer and turn it on.

For the next three hours, I bury myself in meetings and phone calls. I speak to the municipality about the apartment complex I'm building in East LA. The asshole named Justin who chairs the board grants my approval, but he needs the city council to clear my family's name from money laundering accusations before I proceed.

Letting Justin know my best lawyers are on the case, I accept his tentative permission and send my plans to my architect.

My family's new tenement is where I'll park a windfall of cash we picked up last year. This past September, we partnered with the Antonov brothers in New York City to store tens of millions of dollars' worth of guns.

Demetri Antonov, the Russian man in charge of the operation, needed a place to send his weapon shipments because the NYPD was scrutinizing his family a bit too closely. My Uncle and I moved crates of AK-47s across the country in commercial shipping containers and stashed them in a secret warehouse in LA.

Acting as a storage facility for mobster acquaintances isn't how we built our fortune, but it comes in handy to make an extra couple million bucks here and there.

Unfortunately, this deal attracted the attention of LA detectives. They spoke to the city council and urged them to bust my family for money laundering. They didn't believe we ran legitimate businesses throughout the metro area.

I pick up my phone to leave a voice memo for my lawyer.

Me: I need you to clear my fucking name with the city council. I have a three-billion-dollar project the municipality board assholes are stalling because they think I'm still under investigation

My lawyer responds at once.

Stephen: You are still under investigation

Me: Grease some hands and make the investigation stop

I get back to business. My computer contains stacks of renters at the Lake Projects who're late on rent. Despite multiple notices, they're not paying. Times are hard, but that doesn't give my residents an excuse.

Gritting my teeth, I comb through my spreadsheets. Contrary to what my tenants say, I don't enjoy evicting anyone. My initial idea was to stay in New York while workers handled everything in LA. There's nothing worse than getting your hands dirty for no reason.

But after four property management companies refused to enter my tenements—and after the LA city council told me they were opening an investigation into my family's money laundering—I took this task over to appear legit.

Every month, I drive up in my limousine and prepare the notices to kick my deadbeat tenants out.

Like clockwork.

Because they don't have another place to go, we charge above-market rates. We accept government checks to make up the difference.

Anything involving federal programs draws extra eyes. I've had feds knock on my doorstep ten times. I handle evictions so that the next time a special agent shows up to my office and demands proof I run a legitimate business, I can demonstrate I visit my properties every month. I'm not the type to kick back on a beach in the Cayman Islands and operate illicit drug fronts. I have estates in the Cayman Islands and around the world, but they're not my primary residences.

When tenants don't pay, I don't send my soldiers after them to threaten them. I don't light their cars on fire, set cut-off horse heads in their beds, or knife them in their sleep like other Mafia landlords in Los Angeles do.

I walk in and tell them to get the fuck out. Quiet power speaks louder than threats. My reputation precedes me in this city, and the families living in the Projects know better than to disobey me.

"This is business." Pouring myself a glass of sparkling water, I close my eyes and lean back in my leather chair. "You give these people notices. They don't pay. It's not your fault they won't manage their finances."

I never send a family to the street without attempting to rectify their situation first. My assistant always mails them warnings of what'll happen if they refuse my offers.

But today, seeing Cove with my own eyes, realizing how *difficult* it is for children in the Lake Projects, I wonder about the efficacy of my system.

Boys and girls living in my apartment suffer because of their parents' negligence. They're innocent without a place to go. It's not their fault their mothers gamble their paychecks away and refuse to put food on their table.

Shit like that… it’s not right. I don't hesitate when cutting off a bitch’s head who crosses me, and I'll burn an enemy’s head with a flamethrower if they

provoke me. But when it comes to defenseless kids…

I wonder if there's a way to help these kids without extending leniency to their parents. Their guardians don't deserve jack shit, but the youth themselves haven't done anything wrong.

My mind turns back to Cove. I think of his innocent face, his sparkling green eyes… the way he looked at me after I almost said *Daddy*.

"Christ." I bark out a grunt as I massage my aching cock, tempted to pull it out and go to town. "I wonder what Cove's doing right now."

Is he enjoying his massage with Charisse? Is he watching an animated movie?

It'd take nothing at all to exit my office, lock the door behind me, walk to my private theater, and slip into the seat next to Cove. I could wrap my arm around his shoulders, tell him I appreciated his offer in the hallway today, and whip out my cock, ordering him to wrap his pretty lips around it as I grind in his mouth.

Cove is a hot little fuck. Maybe if he wants to suckle me or play with my nipples, I'd allow it. I might even permit a sloppy ass virgin BJ if I get to suck him off in return. There's no fun unless we both bust our nuts. But I wouldn't push him further.

As long as I don't let my feelings overwhelm me, we'll both be fine.

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Chapter Seven

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Cove

The next morning

HEAVEN.

I'm in heaven.

I press Posy Roses against my tummy as I turn over in bed, burrowing into the delicate sheets. My left cheek brushes against my pink pillowcase, rubbing the silk like a baby orangutan. Warmth surrounds me from every angle, and I can't help but think I had the best sleep of my life.

It's been... *years* since I've rested my head on a pillow this comfortable. In the Hollywood Hills, my mattress and bedding felt like something a Roman deity would rest on, like Cupid or Daphne. Rare was the night where I didn't get a full eight hours or more.

Since I moved to the Lake Projects, I haven't received a decent night's sleep in five years. When the junkies lining the sidewalk aren't screaming, the drug dealers next-door engage in illicit transactions all morning. Even when they quiet down, the mice scurrying through the walls wake me every other hour.

Last night was the first one in an exceptionally long time that I experienced dreams. Gone were the worries, fears, and concerns for my well-being that I

had in the Lake Projects. The guest bed Charisse led me to cradled me and kept me safe.

I let out a laugh as I kiss Posy Roses.

Charisse sure is a funny lady. She has excellent massage skills and she makes the best popcorn. Even if she was a bitch to say Posy Roses wasn't "alive."

My mind drifts to yesterday's events. After Salvatore left me with Charisse, she took me under her wing and showed me around the estate. To say it blew me away is an understatement of colossal proportions.

Never in my life have I seen such luxury. My father's residence in the Hills was excellent, but it didn't hold a flame to Salvatore's house. His Calabasas home is a fucking *palace* in the middle of the city.

Charisse took me to the patio before our massage. The views overlooking LA, dotted with magnificent palm trees on the slopes, compared only to the videos of wealthy Youtubers I've seen online. I felt like Jeffree Star would pop out with a makeup pallet at any moment to welcome me into the world of the elite.

And the private movie theater Charisse showed me was the cherry on top. Because Mom's broke, we've only attended cheap cinemas in LA that let you catch an old film for a couple of bucks. Most of those places no longer exist, but there are a few still scattered around the edges of town.

By contrast, Salvatore's theater was a luxury experience in and of itself. The creamy, plush, red seat hugged my body like an angel's wings, and the enormous screen stimulated my senses. The popcorn Charisse brought me tasted better than any I've ever had, and I bet it's because he owns a professional movie popcorn maker, too.

Salvatore must be a billionaire. I don't know how he made the money to purchase his apartment complexes or this magnificent home, but he's likely in a very lucrative industry. Real estate tycoons, hedge fund managers, and criminals are the only people who can afford these properties.

A thrill shoots up my spine when I think of my interaction with Salvatore yesterday.

"Calm down." Rolling onto my ass, I peel back my fluffy blanket, then look at my hard cock in my cartoon undies. "Don't get ahead of yourself. Salvatore's a nice man, but he didn't ask you to call him Daddy."

Before Salvatore left me with Charisse, he started saying a word that began with a mysterious letter. I didn't know what it was, not at first. Fifteen seconds later, it hit me like a ton of bricks.

The word was likely Daddy. It had to be. Context is everything, and in that sentence, no other word in the English language would fit. Unless he's a *doctor* or *dentist*, which also begin with D, it couldn't be anything else.

You're such a fucking idiot. You've had fantasies about this man since you were in high school. You're projecting your desires onto him.

That's likely the case. After all, I've longed to curl up on Salvatore's lap for the longest time. It's only natural that my brain would trick me into thinking he was about to say the word I craved most of all.

But by the same token, if Salvatore's not a doctor, dentist, or dermatologist, I can't think of any other word that'd fit in his sentence.

I remove my cartoon undies and untuck my aching cock.

"Fuck." My voice is soft as I grip my shaft. "I wonder if Salvatore knows what Daddy kink is. It's a longshot, but it'd make me so happy."

There's also the *mysterious* way Salvatore commanded me to clean my teeth. Last night, he didn't simply inform me he had a toothbrush for me to use in my private guest bathroom. He ordered me to brush because the snacks I ate concerned him. No one but a natural Daddy would be *that* disturbed if their houseguest failed to brush their teeth.

A tremor of lust shoots through me as I stimulate my shaft. Scrunching my eyes shut, I tighten my grip on my willy, pumping hard. Heat travels through my body, and I let out a moan as I buck into my hand.

I pick up Posy Roses and bring him between my legs.

"There you go, boy." I push into my stuffy, pressing the tip of my rod against Posy Roses' cheeks. "Just a little load this morning. I have a

breakfast meeting with Salvatore, a.k.a. my new Daddy. I must conserve energy."

Posy Roses doesn't respond, because duh, he's filled with *fluff* and *rainbows*, but he lets me rearrange his body the way I need.

I throw my head back on my pillow, moaning as I thrust into Posy Roses. Naughty sensations shoot across me, working into my gut as I rub Posy on my glans, touching myself with my bunny.

As I masturbate, I picture Salvatore entering my bedroom, catching me on the sheets. He approaches me, then shoots me a stern look when he sees what I do with my stuffy.

"You're a wicked boy." Salvatore walks over to me. "First, you don't pay rent. Second, you take your precious stuffy and bring him between your legs. You deserve a spanking."

I let out a moan, then position my body so Salvatore can view it. "Do you… see what I'm doing, Daddy?" My breath catches in my throat as tingles work across my skin. "I'm rubbing myself while thinking of you! Posy Roses will give me cummies!"

Salvatore takes Posy Roses from me. "Posy told me he doesn't enjoy drinking cum in the morning." He places my stuffy on my tummy, then sets his hand on my thighs. "He says that he's only a replacement for Daddy. He wants you to experience Daddy's love."

Salvatore thrusts my legs back and spears his cock between my cheeks. I let out a cry as delight barrels through me, coursing through every inch of my being. I stare into his hazel eyes, then moan as his dick nudges against my prostate. Pre-cum drips onto my taint, and I wail as he penetrates me.

"Oh, Daddy!" A whimper escapes my lips as I grind against Salvatore's shaft, willing him to push it further inside. "I've been a very naughty boy! I need you to make love to me!"

Salvatore spits on my hole and plunges deeper. Waves of bliss swirl through me, and I groan as his thick Daddy stick fills my channel walls. I melt on the bed, letting him buck into me, jackknifing my depths while he keeps me safe in his arms.

It's amazing having Daddy inside my body for the first time. I've fantasized about this moment so often, but nothing compares to the real thing. His fat Daddy cock in my special spot makes my worries go away and convinces me I'm not a waste of space.

"That's right, boy." Salvatore plows me hard, then kisses me with his dick still in my ass. "Look at your tight little pink hole spreading for Daddy. You get Daddy so fucking horny, boy. I've seen you in your bedroom window countless times watching me walk up to the Lake Projects. I've fantasized about you every single day since you turned eighteen. You're mine. I've already claimed you. Nothing will come between us. I'll hold you in my fucking arms and give you everything you deserve. Show Daddy that precious berry and let me make your dreams come true."

It's too much to take. My orgasm crashes through me, and I cry out as it hits me hot and hard. I shoot shot after shot of white cum into Posy Roses, filling his fluffy body with my seed.

My eyes rake across my belly, and I groan when I witness the strands of cum dripping down my stuffy's face. I rub my pink shaft on his sweater, then collapse in the sheets, allowing my orgasm to carry me out to sea.

"Daddy." The fabric of my bed cradles me. "I… want you *so* bad, Daddy. I wish to be your precious boy and curl up in your arms."

I remove Posy Roses from my body and stare at my dick. Now that I've come, my cock is no longer hard, it's soft on my tummy. My eyes burn as I run my fingers across it, poking the tip, then touching my balls.

I glance at my chest and grimace when I spot my rib cage. I'm thin. Because Mom spent her money at the casino, I didn't have enough to help me with my diet. I look like a street urchin who hasn't had a proper meal in years.

Tears well in my eyes, but I force myself not to cry. Salvatore could have anyone in this city. Models. Actors. Superstars. There are a million gorgeous men on popular TV shows he could pamper and spoil.

Why would he ever want a boy like me? I'm a stupid kid who watches him every fourth Saturday when he comes to my shitty apartment complex. I used to be a catch, but not anymore.

After I rinse my body off in the shower, I urge myself never to fantasize about Salvatore again.

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Chapter Eight

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Cove

WHEN I EXIT THE BATHROOM, I COMB MY HAIR AND DON THE CUTE CLOTHES Charisse set out for me last night. I place a sweet baby blue T-shirt on my skinny frame and slide into a fresh pair of jeans.

After I dress, I slide Posy Roses into the bathtub, filling the basin with soapy water so he can soak during breakfast. I read about boys doing this in a story online. The boy jerked off into his stuffed animal, then cleaned it in his tub so it was dry when he cuddled with his Daddy.

After gathering my things, I exit my bedroom and head down the hallway to meet Salvatore.

Salvatore waits at the table when I enter the dining room. "Good morning, boy." He claws back a growl as he takes a sip of coffee. "Did you sleep well last night?"

I tick my head up… and fight the urge to crumble to the floor when I see what Salvatore's wearing. In his tailored suit, he looks every bit the man I fantasized about in bed. He slicked his dark hair back, and shaved his chiseled jaw. His hazel eyes are piercing, and the glistening watch he chose accentuates his ensemble.

A wave of need rockets through me. It takes everything in me not to grow hard yet again. I stare into Salvatore's eyes, those same beautiful eyes that locked on mine in the Lake Projects, and fight the urge to rush back to my bedroom, thrust myself on my bed, and pull my new clothes off.

I want to tell Salvatore to take me. This is something I've desired for such a long time. I'd be the happiest boy in the world if he came inside me.

The title I practiced this morning also sits on the tip of my tongue. Even though I've vowed never to fantasize about Salvatore again, knowing it's a colossally stupid idea, and despite the fact that it'll destroy my chances of ever making him want me, I wish to call him… *Daddy*.

But I force myself to knock it off. After all, Salvatore is the only man that stands in between me and the streets. If I give into my urges, he wins. That's not something I can risk right now.

Walking to the table, I thrust my hands in my pockets. "I slept well, thank you very much." I turn my gaze up, focusing on Salvatore's face. "Did you?"

Salvatore motions for his maid to join us. "Come, Charisse. Pull Cove's seat out so he can sit."

I shake my head and grit my teeth. "I can slide my own chair out—"

Charisse enters the dining room. "There you go." She smiles as she crosses the floor, then tugs my seat out for me. "You know, I figured you'd still be in bed this morning. You were up late last night, and you had way more gummy treats than I thought you would."

My cheeks flush pink as Charisse tousles my hair. "Oh my God." I let out a groan as I sink into the chair, trying not to die from humiliation. "You don't need to pull out my seat. I appreciate the gesture, but I can do that myself."

Charisse tsk tsks me. "Mr. Barron gives the orders in this house." She pushes me toward the table, then pats my shoulder. "If he tells me to help you into your chair, I'll do it. I've never been one to disobey his commands. You'd be wise to listen, too."

Salvatore emits a growl. "Salvatore." He sets his coffee cup on a saucer and glares at his maid. "Get it fucking straight, Charisse. I don't pay you to be formal with me. My name isn't Mr. Barron. We discussed this last night."

The memory of Salvatore asking me and Charisse to refer to him by his first name flashes across my mind. I practice the name in my head, hoping I

won't slip up and call him Mr. Barron. His first name is glorious, and it definitely fits his personality.

I didn't analyze his request last night, but now I can't resist mulling it over. Yesterday evening, he didn't give a reason why he didn't want me to use his last name. But I sensed it was because he wanted to familiarize himself with me, and not appear so damn unapproachable.

"Oops." Charisse places her hand over her mouth. "I forgot you requested that. I won't do it again, sir."

Salvatore lets out a sigh. "Sir is equally unnecessary." He pours cream into his coffee. "In my former world, that's a title submissives used with their Doms. I've not a Dom—at least not in that sense—so refer to me by my first name. No formalities."

Charisse beams. "I'll make a note of that. Man, it's tough keeping up with you. I'll write your preferences on my notepad to ensure I don't fuck up again."

After refilling Salvatore's coffee, Charisse departs to the kitchen. As she leaves, a cold sweat breaks out on my neck. He… knows about submissives? And *Doms*? And he said *in his old world*, which means he's encountered these types of people before.

A vision of Salvatore attending a BDSM club flashes across my mind. He *definitely* has experience with submissives and Doms. Is it possible he recognizes what Daddies are, too?

Maybe Salvatore meant Dom in a different sense. Maybe it's a term billionaire real estate developers use with each other when analyzing deals.

I figure this must be true. After all, if Salvatore was into BDSM, it'd mean he'd be that much harder to resist. If I want to shoo him away, I can't entertain the possibility he's a Daddy.

Salvatore redirects his attention to me when Charisse disappears behind the kitchen doors. "I apologize for that." He swirls his pinky finger around his coffee cup. "Charisse doesn't always… remember my instructions. She’s a fucking handful."

I lift the glass of bubbly water Charisse poured for me. "It's no problem." Taking a long, slow sip, I pretend like my focus is on Charisse and not the BDSM terminology conversation. "She was nice when she gave me a massage."

Even in the Hills, I never received massages. Mom didn't either. Dad said they were an unnecessary luxury.

Salvatore lets out a growl. "Did you enjoy your massage?"

"Yesterday, when Charisse put her experienced hands on my body—" I brush a strand of hair from my eyes. "—I realized how amazing massages truly are. My Dad said they were for people who pretended to live the high life. But that's not true. I *flew* on the table. I felt more relaxed than ever."

I leave one vital fact out of this conversation. If Salvatore took Charisse's place, I would've had an orgasm on the massage table. No fucking doubt about it. My cock would've spurted so much cum it would've impregnated my undies.

Salvatore issues me a curt nod. "I'm glad to hear that." Lifting his coffee cup to his lips, he takes a sip. "I take it you enjoyed your animated movie, too."

My insides turn warm and fuzzy. I pivot away from Salvatore so he won't see my pink cheeks.

Gosh. Salvatore has no idea how much I *loved* the movie last night. In the Hills, I always saw animated flicks with friends. Every Saturday, my best friend on the block and I would rush to the theater. We had a day pass and I adored catching the latest kid's flicks before going to soccer practice.

But I haven't watched animated pictures in years. They're too sad to see because they remind me of my past. Preferable is to read a book on my mother's Kindle and drift to a land far, far away. It gives me a deeper mental escape.

"Yes." I think about the silly film I chose and the yummy treats Charisse brought me. "I selected a movie about a little blue woodland creature who wanted to rescue her town."

“Uh huh.”

I nod as I consider the amazing film. "It had a Britney Spears soundtrack. I recognized the song at once."

Salvatore nods. "Smurfs." Setting his coffee cup down, he wipes his lips with the back of his hand. "I recognize the description. You chose Smurfs."

This catches me off guard. I furrow my brow, processing Salvatore's words. The fact that he knows the name of the movie I watched baffles me.

Is this man serious? I wonder if he's lying… because there's *no way* he's seen Smurfs. But after a moment, the expression on his face leads me to acknowledge that he tells the truth.

I set my glass of sparkling water on the table. "You know Smurfs?"

Salvatore nods. "They played an older version of that movie at the club where I used to attend on weekends. Lots of the boys and girls enjoyed it."

My mouth falls open and I nearly spill my glass of sparkling water all over the table. I look at Salvatore in his suit coat, his diamond watch glistening in the sunlight, his fierce, chiseled jaw. This man is a vicious real estate developer and likely a criminal. He kicks people to the street every month and doesn't give a fuck. I didn't expect him to know the first thing about kid's movies, and yet...

Exhaling a breath, I try to stay calm. My cock grows in my jeans and brushes against my thigh. Fantasies bloom in my mind. I can't help but picture crawling into Salvatore's lap and wrapping my arms around his chest.

"Please, Daddy." I rest my forehead against Salvatore's muscles and place my mouth on his suit coat. "I want to suckle."

Salvatore unbuttons his dress shirt and brings my chin to his nipple. "I've waited for you to ask that, baby boy. Set your lips on my nipple and suckle me. Let Daddy hold you on his lap. Everything will be okay."

For the second time today, I wonder if Salvatore is more involved in the kink world than he lets on. Not only did he nearly say Daddy last night, but

he's up to date on my favorite animated movies, too. Also, he knows about submissive relationships, and claims he ran in the same circles as Doms.

Pinching my left arm, I force myself to get back on track. I promised myself in the shower I wouldn't entertain these fantasies, and I can't start now.

Not if I want to pay off my rent.

I muster a feeble smile. "I'm glad you've heard of my favorite movie." I clear my throat. "I hate to change the subject, but my tummy's rumbling. What's for breakfast?"

I also need to hear Salvatore's arrangement proposal. That's the reason I'm here this morning.

Salvatore turns his eyes up to me. "I have a question."

Gulping, I rub my hands on my thighs. "Go for it."

Salvatore runs his thumb across his lower lip. "Did you brush your teeth before sleeping?"

I blush. "Yes."

Memories of the cute toothbrush Salvatore gifted me whirl through my brain. When I pressed a button on the side, it lit up and emitted music. I danced in the bathroom and regressed into my Little headspace as I had a one-person party.

Salvatore takes this in. "Did you enjoy the song the toothbrush played?"

My cheeks turn even redder. "It made me dance."

"Did you brush every inch of your teeth?" Salvatore studies my expression. "Did you get your molars in the back? You'd better not have skipped your molars. Those are a gold mine for cavities."

A chill rockets up my spine. I grip my cup, and try not to melt. Yeah, I'm pretty sure Salvatore knows more about the BDSM community than I thought. No one but a Daddy speaks this way.

I stick my tongue out and point to my teeth. "I brushed for five whole minutes. I cleaned every tooth."

"Perfect." Salvatore beckons Charisse back into the dining room. "I believe you for now. If you fail to brush tonight, you'll pay for it. *Big time*."

I quiver in my seat. "Yes. I understand."

Charisse brings out plates of pancakes overflowing with strawberries and whipped cream. As I dig into the food, which is the best meal I've ever had in my life, I can't help but tremble with need. Salvatore makes me so *Little* inside and all I want to do is leap into his arms.

Yet as I stare at Salvatore, who's cutting his breakfast into tiny triangles, I recall that even if I like this man, I must be careful. Acting on my private fantasies will only lead to pain in the end. I'll set myself up for disappointment or worse.

Plus, I still don't know the terms of Salvatore's arrangement. Perhaps I'm deluding myself by thinking he's a Daddy. Perhaps he's a vicious Dom who wants a boy to keep in a locked room to fuck at will and role play taboo things with. I can't consent to that.

Or perhaps Salvatore is the man you thought he was all along. A ruthless monster on the outside, but one who harbors a gentle side within. Perhaps he invited you here because he believes you can melt his dark heart.

I grit my teeth as I eat my yummy pancakes. Entertaining these thoughts is impossible. Salvatore's my only chance to escape my present life.

If I want to improve my situation, I must play my cards right.

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Chapter Nine

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Salvatore

SMURFS.

My boy watches Smurfs.

I lead Cove out of the dining room when we finish breakfast. After pushing his chair in, I guide him past framed works of Renaissance art lining the walls, enormous chandeliers in my leisure rooms, and sky-high bay windows overlooking the city. We walk through a maze of corridors that twist around the insides of the estate until we reach the back garden.

Cracking open the door, I motion for Cove to join me on the patio. As he obeys my request, I can't help but think about our conversation at breakfast.

Cove chose the *one* movie the boy I used to love enjoyed watching. Smurfs. Out of all the possible animated movies in the world—and there are a ton, thanks to exponential improvements in animation rigging—he picked the flick that spoke to my heart.

My ex Azazel was a Smurfs aficionado. He loved wrapping a blue blanket around his shoulders and donning an azure hat when we played together. He begged me to take him to costume stores to buy cerulean face paint, so I could make him look exactly like his favorite character.

Baby Smurf. He adored pretending that he was Baby Smurf on a mission to save Smurfville.

The fact that Cove enjoys Smurfs, too, is tough as hell to ignore. Even though my previous boy opted for the original cartoon version and Cove

chose the modern remake, similarities between the two abound.

My server enters the patio with glasses of sparkling orange juice on a silver tray.

"Here you go, sir." He sets my glass in front of me, then places the other next to Cove. "I prepared your morning juice with extra ice."

A low growl claws out of my throat. "It's Salvatore." I fight the urge to snap at my employee. "Not sir. Speak to Charisse if you have any fucking questions. Drop the formalities for the next two months. We'd all benefit from greater intimacy."

My server nods. "I'll talk to Charisse right now."

Cove's eyes are wide as my waiter retreats into my mansion, then disappears behind a locked door. He runs his fingers through his hair, then wraps his hand around his glass as he turns to me.

"That's unnecessary, you know." Cove rubs his index finger in the condensation. "I don't care if your employees call you *sir*."

I lock my gaze on Cove. I recall the way his green eyes sparkled in the elevator yesterday, those two emerald orbs that reminded me of a meadow in spring. With his pale skin, dazzling irises, and pointy nose, he paints a picture of the ideal male youth of classical antiquity.

Perfect for rutting inside of and never speaking to again.

I take a sip of my drink. "Mr. Barron is my family name." Letting the orange juice wash over my taste buds, I let out a growl and swipe my tongue over my lower lip. "I use it when I send tenants letters."

Cove furrows his brow. "Is that why you want me to refer to you as Salvatore?" He scratches his temple.

"Yes."

"It doesn't make a difference to me." Cove shrugs. "I still know you as Mr. Barron. You're the ruthless landlord who evicts people in the Projects. You own tons of real estate throughout the city, and you're likely involved in

criminal activities. No one knows how you made your money or where your family comes from. Calling yourself Salvatore doesn't erase that history."

I set my glass on the table. This boy must be joking. No one in my life speaks to me this way.

My eyes drift to the T-shirt Charisse set out for Cove that hugs his bony shoulders, and my cock gets hard as shit. I didn't realize this little demon had spunk when we first spoke. I thought he was like every other tenant, full of tears, begging for mercy. But today, he spars with me. If that's not a motherfucking dick magnet, I don't know what is.

"I told you yesterday that I always provide second chances. I also give tenants a list of options before I evict them."

Cove glares at me. "You still kick them to the streets." He sips his juice. "You're like that huge social media company that changed their name to rebrand. Everyone knows they're the same assholes as before."

"And?"

I get the distinct impression that I know exactly what enterprise Cove speaks about. It's a multibillion-dollar corporation, and their founder is one of the richest people in the world. Their stock is struggling after a quarter of slower growth, but that's not the reason I reject the comparison.

Cove lets out a sigh. "They slapped a new name on their evil face and went about business as usual. They don't treat their customers better."

This angel is knowledgeable. Call me crazy, but I didn't figure he researched major companies in his free time. Life's hard in poverty, you spend every waking moment fighting for survival.

The fact that Cove's interested in business gets me even harder. My last boy didn't give a shit about anything except Gucci bags and Louis Vuitton. He didn't bother to learn about money, and he showed zero interest in improving his lot. That he's concerned with something other than himself bodes well for his future.

I rest my hand on the patio table. "I pray you're not comparing me to that social media company."

"I might be," Cove hits back.

"Well, you shouldn’t,” I snap. “I requested that you call me by my first name so you get to know me better. The *real* me."

Cove lets out a sigh. "I'm sure that social media corporation says the same thing in their press releases." He shrugs. "Face it, dude. Calling you Salvatore instead of Mr. Barron won't change my mental image of you. You're still a vicious man who doesn't care about the tenants he serves. You're a slum lord who exploits families with nowhere else to go."

"All you've heard about me are the vicious rumors in the Projects." Adjusting my wristwatch, I glare at Cove. "The people you live with are criminals and drug dealers. Pimps squat in those apartments and sell whores to the highest bidder."

Cove drags his glass to his lips, then takes another sip of his orange juice. "Great. Now you're shaming sex workers."

I tilt my head up. "Shaming sex workers?"

What the hell does that mean?

"Sex workers deserve respect. Don't call them whores."

"And besides," Cove continues, "you could still treat your *whore* renters with dignity. There's no reason to kick them to the curb after three months of missing payments simply because they work in unconventional industries. It's wrong."

I fight back the urge to smash my cup on the ground. "Unconventional industries?"

For God's sake. Gang-controlled prostitution destroys lives and traps individuals in endless cycles of dependency. That's why the federal government punishes pimps the way they do, and why they don't let them out of prison. They force the young girls in my apartment complex to work.

Cove sticks his chin in the air. "People living in poverty don't have many choices for advancement." He etches a tiny face in the condensation on his

glass. "It's tough to pay rent while working minimum wage jobs. Especially the outlandishly high rates you charge."

"There's plenty of work for those willing to bust their ass."

Cove glares at me. "People have multiple jobs. But it's not enough to make ends meet."

"I wasn't always wealthy." I take another sip of my juice. "I built my businesses from the ground up. No one fucking handed me anything, except the small loan of a million dollars my father gave me. I did it the legitimate way."

Cove lets out a sigh. "I'm just saying that sometimes, boys and girls slip into selling themselves because they have no other options. Maybe their mothers are alcoholics who drink away their paychecks. Maybe rent's due next month and their bank accounts are empty. They could take an extra job, but not if they're already working three to support children at home."

Cove sniffles as he stares at the table. "Many prostitutes start out as kids like me. They fall on hard times."

I place my hand on Cove's. "You don't have to say that."

"I might've had to walk the streets if I hadn't spoken to you yesterday." Cove pauses before he speaks, then rubs his eyes with the back of his palm. "I offered you my body instead. Isn't that equally bad in your eyes?" He stares at his feet. "Some people would tell me to go to jail for what I did. But I already work three jobs, and taking one more wouldn't help me and Mom. She gambles away every paycheck and if I don't bust my behind, we can't put food on the table."

Something about Cove's story touches me. I exhale a breath, and recall the look on his face when he offered himself to me. He was terrified and the abject fear he experienced that flitted around his gorgeous eyes was palpable.

For the second time in the last twenty-four hours, I wonder if I've gone about my business the wrong way. Maybe the sex workers in my tenements deserve another chance. They burn me constantly, but that could be because they don't have any other options.

I decide to research the age of the prostitutes in my projects. If they're young like Cove and capable of reform, I should look into starting a social program to help them find other opportunities for economic advancement. He's right to say that these people—especially boys and girls in desperate situations—deserve more opportunities.

"Take my hand."

My voice is firm. Unwavering. Fierce.

Cove turns his eyes up to me. A ray of sunlight flits across his hair, and all at once, his beauty sweeps me out to sea. I feel like a painter who hasn't created in years who sees a beautiful boy that inspires him to pick up his brush once again. Studying the slope of his eyebrows, the tiny freckles adorning his milky white cheeks, his visage captivates me.

Never in my life have I met a gorgeous young man like Cove. My last Little was exactly my type, but he didn't hold a candle to Cove's flame.

Cove bites his lower lip. "Okay."

Wrapping my fingers around Cove's, I squeeze his palm. "You've had a rough few fucking years."

A tear slips down Cove's cheeks, then he blinks hard. "I have."

"I brought you here for one reason. When you offered me your virginity in the hallway, you floored me. I'd seen you out of the corner of my eye, but I never spoke to you. After we met, I realized I couldn't let you continue in your desperate situation. You were the most beautiful boy I'd ever encountered and I had to get to know you better."

"What do you mean?" Confusion mars Cove's features.

"I didn't bring you here to have sex with you. My plan is for you to work with me over the next two months. I need a gorgeous boy like you to assist me in my meetings and be my arm candy at prestigious functions. You'll be my server when business partners visit my house. My critical meeting with the municipality board is in thirty days, and you can also convince them I'm not laundering my family's money."

Cove's breath hitches. He mulls this over, taking his time to process my offer. At last, he lifts his gaze to mine.

"I don't understand." Cove rubs his eyes. "You could pick anyone. I have absolutely nothing going for me. You could have models or celebrities in this city to assist you. Why the hell do you want me?"

Damn. Why he thinks I'd ever prefer a male model over him, I'll never know.

"I've dated models before, boy." I grip Cove's palm. "They don't have what I desire. I've been involved with the kink community in the past. Most of the boys in LA would run if I told them that. My hope is that we spend enough time together to take our relationship to the next level when these two months are up. You could help me meet my needs."

Cove's eyes widen. "You'd like to have sex with me?" He runs his thumb over the side of my palm. "And you're kinky? I didn't realize you accepted my offer in the hall."

A low growl tears out of my throat. "Of course I want you. But only if you desire it as well. We still haven't discussed kink, but I hope you're more interested in it than I expect. I don't wish to force you."

"Okay."

"I'll also forgive your debt and send you to college." I stare at Cove. "I'll hook you up with a career counselor to get you into the best schools. You can write about your experience living in the Lake Projects and I'll take care of your mother's rent for the next year and send her GA meetings."

Cove's jaw tumbles to his feet. "You're joking."

I shake my head. "I'm deadly serious."

Cove blows out a breath. "I'll do it."

My eyes lock on Cove's. For an instant, the urge to order him to call me Daddy is so strong within me. I wish to tell him to take his clothes off, climb into my lap, and place his mouth on my nipple. I desire to hold him, kiss him, let him know that everything will be all right.

But I can't. Not if I need Cove to follow through with my plan. Also, there's no way I can risk scaring him away. I scared my last boy off when I confessed my desires to him, and I'd never forgive myself if I did that to him.

"Great." I don't mince words. "We're heading to an ice cream shop this afternoon. Think it over."

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Chapter Ten

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Cove

"I'LL HAVE RAINBOW SPRINKLES."

I blush as the worker takes my order, then selects a waffle cone from the counter.

"Perfect choice." She winks at me. "This is my favorite. It makes me feel happy inside."

When she finishes scooping, she hands me my cone and flashes me a thumbs up. "It's a scorcher outside, so take some napkins. If you're not careful, the sprinkles will run all over your hand."

Salvatore lets out a growl as he gives her his credit card. "I'll have dark espresso in a waffle cone. Please give us two bowls on the side."

The employee dips the ice cream scoop into a tub of hot water, then creates a fresh cone for Salvatore.

She beams as she hands it to him. "For you." Grabbing three napkins from a stainless-steel container, she slides them into a paper bag and gives them to me. "There's enough chocolate in this thing to give you heartburn for weeks."

Salvatore nods. "I'll take it."

The employee shoots us a look. "I'm serious about the hot weather. You two might want to find shade out there."

Salvatore leaves a tip in the machine. "Thanks for the advice. We appreciate it."

The employee presses her hand to her heart. "It's always so sweet seeing Dads bond with their sons. My father was absent growing up, and I did lots of things on my own. Props to you for being in your son's life."

The vein that bulges on Salvatore's forehead lets me know he couldn't be less pleased with the employee's comments. He takes the two extra bowls, hands one to me, and leads me outside.

I follow in Salvatore's enormous footsteps. The server's words wash over me, and I fight the urge to laugh. If anyone explained to me yesterday that Salvatore would take me out for ice cream or that a well-intentioned server would mistake him for my Dad, I'd have told them off for lying.

My eyes lock on Salvatore's firm muscles, bulging biceps, and thick ass in his suit pants. I let out a groan, and force my dick to die down. He looks… *incredible*. I thought he looked amazing when he confessed he wanted me this morning, ominous and powerful, but now he's a sight for the gods.

Salvatore leads me to a picnic table. "Here." A displeased expression sits on his face as he pulls out my chair, motioning for me to sit. "Take a seat. I'll ask for a cup of ice water."

I shake my head as I lick my rainbow sprinkle ice cream. "Not necessary." I swirl my tongue around the cone.

Salvatore shoots me a serious look. "We'll see when we finish eating, boy. It wouldn't be a hassle to request two cups."

I place my palm on his. "Salvatore." I stare into his eyes, an earnest expression on my features. "It's okay."

Salvatore grumbles as he licks his espresso cone. "I want to give her an earful about assuming we're related. She has some fucking nerve."

Aaaand… there's the truth. Salvatore doesn't care about water. He's mad that the employee called me his son and wants to correct her wrong interpretation.

A sick thrill shoots through me, and I press my thighs together. Yeah, my cock definitely responds to that thought. I don't know why it's so sexy, but having a complete stranger think we're related, even though we're not in way, turns me on.

Pushing my knee out, I push my leg against Salvatore's. "It was an honest mistake."

"I mean, come on," Salvatore grumbles as he takes a bite of ice cream, then wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead. "I'm forty-eight. Am I really old enough to be your Dad? I think not."

Salvatore flits his eyes up to me. "Or am I?"

I can't help but laugh as this morning's conversation swirls through my mind. When I joined Salvatore for breakfast, I wasn't sure what to expect. I focused on controlling my horniness, not popping a boner when he explained our arrangement to me.

But after Salvatore led me to the patio and told me he needed a gorgeous piece of arm candy for the next two months, I couldn't control my desire if I wanted to. Every fantasy of him holding me, protecting me, wrapping me in his firm arms filled my mind. I pictured crawling across the table and shedding my clothes, then burrowing into his chest like a baby koala.

I couldn't believe Salvatore also confessed he was involved in the kink community. I thought I projected my fantasies onto him, that I imagined he almost said *Daddy* when we spoke yesterday evening. But this morning, now that we had a heart-to-heart and he told me a bit about his past, I realized I wasn't wrong.

Salvatore understands kink. He's been around submissives and Doms, and he's likely familiar with Daddies, too.

His words from earlier play in my mind.

"I've dated models before, boy. They don't have what I desire. I think you could help me meet my needs."

I get the strange sensation Salvatore knows more about Daddies than I thought. If he used to be involved in the lifestyle, I wonder if he

understands what Littles are, as well.

Lifting my cone, I lick a sprinkle from the ice cream. "You *are* old enough to be my father." I wipe my lips with a paper napkin. "But there's nothing wrong with that."

"I can't believe how fast time slips by." Salvatore removes a pair of sunglasses from his pocket, then slides them on his forehead. "I swear to God I just fucking graduated college. You blink and suddenly you're forty-eight and the boys who turn you on are still twenty. None of it makes sense."

"You didn't let me finish." I shoot Salvatore a death glare.

I keep my voice stern, pretending like I didn't understand his admission. He's *attracted* to me. I'm his type, and he's insecure about his age.

Holy. Moses. Never in a million years did I expect to hear *that* this morning. I stare at him again, and force myself to stay in control of my emotions. But secretly, all I can think about are his beautiful words.

Calm down. If you act on your attraction, he'll win in the end.

Salvatore snaps his head up. "I'm paying attention." He stretches in his seat and runs his fingers through his hair. "Go on."

I spread my legs underneath the picnic table. "My father… wasn't there for me growing up. It's cliché as hell, but I have Daddy issues because of that."

Salvatore studies me. "Okay." He takes another bite of ice cream. "I'm listening."

"I won't address the specifics. It's too painful for me to talk about. But let's just say that I've always had an attraction to older men."

"I like where this is going."

"One of my jobs is at a toy store in downtown LA." I lick my waffle cone. "Cute Dads buy presents for their kids. It warms my heart when fathers play active roles in their children's lives. But that's not the real reason I stare."

"Tell me more."

"The Daddies are hot. As fuck. Sometimes, I picture giving them a surprise discount. I want them to glance at me in confusion, trying to figure out why I undercharged them. Slowly, I'd peel back my T-shirt until I'm completely naked. My cock will grow hard, and they'll take me into their arms and make love to me. We'd kick all the kids out while we fuck, of course, but that wouldn't detract from the wonderful time we'd share. I blame my father for my fantasies. He's why I'm attracted to older men."

I can practically see the gears turning in Salvatore's head, trying to tell whether I'm joking or not.

"You're fucking with me." Salvatore shoots me an implacable look, then selects a napkin to wipe up a bead of melted ice cream on the table. "I'm on a TV show and cameramen are about to pop out of the bushes to confront me any second."

A blush sweeps across my cheeks. "Nope." I shake my head firmly, then brush a speck of lint from my T-shirt. "I've always liked older men. Even when I was in high school. I'm not supposed to say that out loud, because it's forbidden in society. But it's true. I never acted on it, of course, and no man's ever taken advantage of me. But I've had oodles of fantasies."

"I can't believe you said that."

I clench my eyebrows together. "What?"

Fantasies? I assume that's what Salvatore's talking about. He didn't like that I confessed my wildest sex dreams to him.

Or maybe it's because we're in a public location. It's not proper to discuss sexual desires in the open air. Perhaps Salvatore wishes to take me back to his limousine so we can continue this conversation in private.

But Salvatore surprises me. "Oodles."

I let out a huff. He's upset because I said… oodles?

"Are you kidding me?" I furrow my brow. "What's wrong with oodles?"

Oodles is an amazing word. It's possibly the most joyous word in the English language.

Salvatore glares at me. "Oodles is weird. There's a scene in *Silence of the Lambs* where Hannibal Lecter says oodles to Clarice."

"Silence of the *huh*?" I scratch my temple and try to figure out what he means. "Is that a TV show? Mom only has Amazon Prime at home, and we don't have Hulu or Netflix. If it's on one of those services, I've never seen it."

Salvatore bites back a growl. "*Silence of the Lambs* is the best horror flick of the nineties. I can't believe you don't know what it is."

Oh. It's a movie from *ancient* times.

I sigh as I brush the wrinkles out of my T-shirt. "That explains it." My eyes travel upward until I stare at the clouds. "It's an old man movie. They don't carry many of those on Amazon."

"Don't say oodles again. It makes me think you'll rip my face off and wear my skin."

"Oodles." I stick my tongue out and sneak another bite of my cone. "Oodles, oodles, oodles."

"You can't be serious."

I shrug my shoulders. "Don't police my language. I've never seen your grandpa movie before. Oodles is the best word in the English language."

"Fine. You can say oodles." Salvatore eats his espresso ice cream. "But you need to warn me first. If you don't, you'll tick me off."

"Okay." I beam as I stare at him. "I'll give you plenty of notice the next time I use my favorite word."

"Thank you."

"But Lord Almighty." I shake my head in disbelief as I take a crunchy bite of my waffle cone. "You're way too rich to get upset by a silly word. Billionaires can't be pansies."

For real. This man boots tenants to the curb without giving a fuck. There's no conceivable reason he requires a head's up.

"Billionaires have their limits." Salvatore slits his eyes. "I handle the city council board threatening to throw me in prison for money laundering. Likewise, I deal with my family wanting to cut me off unless I agree to move their foreign funds into LA. But when it comes to irritating words that make me squeamish, I need a warning."

This is a joke. Or at least I think it is. But something about Salvatore's comments gives me pause. Did this man admit… his family would reject him if he didn't move their money into the city?

I place my fingers on Salvatore's. "Hey." I squeeze his fingers. "What do you mean about your family?"

Salvatore pivots away from me. "Don't worry about it."

Biting my lower lip, I massage his hand. "You can let me know. There's a lot I haven't shared with you yet, either."

I want to tell Salvatore that I used to live in the Hollywood Hills. But would he even believe me? He's only met me as a poor boy who's about to get evicted. He knows nothing about my past life, the fact that I used to have maids and servants, or what my father Salem did to me.

Sometimes, I can barely fathom I lived that life, it feels like an ancient dream. But I still have the urge to speak it out loud.

Salvatore lifts his head and stares into my eyes. "I'll make you a deal."

Deals. I like deals. I nod, then remove my hand from Salvatore's. "Go for it."

"Over the next two months, we'll teach each other about our pasts." Salvatore is the one who reaches out now, placing his palm on my shoulder. "I'll tell you about my family and you inform me about your home situation. By the end of our time together, we'll bridge the gap between us."

I stare into Salvatore's eyes, losing myself in his hazel depths. Oh sweet Jesus. This man actually gives a shit about me. I think back to his words this morning, the offer he made me when we sipped orange juice.

He said that I was a *gorgeous* boy, but that he didn't want to take my virginity unless he had my consent. I wonder if this is part of his process, to get to know me before he makes love to me.

Is that why he asks me about my family? Is that the reason he wishes to open up to me?

Suddenly, it hits me that Salvatore likely doesn't have many people in whom he can confide. It's lonely at the top, and perhaps his closest friends are also his competitors who he can't trust. Perhaps escorting a soon-to-be homeless boy who can't backstab him into his life is the only way he can get human connection.

I lock eyes with Salvatore. "Brilliant plan."

Leaning in, I feel the urge to kiss Salvatore bubbling up within me. He stares at me, making contact like no one ever has, then moves forward. Just when I think he'll press his lips to mine and fulfill every crazy fantasy I've harbored since I was in high school, he pulls away.

Salvatore finishes his cone. "This will be fun." Picking up a napkin, he dabs ice cream off the side of my face. "We'll be partners in crime."

A soft laugh escapes me. I close my eyes and allow Salvatore to pat my cheek with a napkin, swooning into his touch. But when he finishes, reality crashes back with a vengeance.

I… *can't* let myself feel real things for Salvatore. It'll mess up my chances of getting something life-changing out of him. While I despise thinking in these terms, he holds the keys to a better existence for me and I'd be a fool to fuck it up.

Two more months. After Salvatore sends you home, you can explore these feelings.

Mustering a feeble smile, I push Salvatore away. "I appreciate your kindness."

Salvatore lets out a growl as I finish my cone. "I think ice water is an ideal proposition now. What do you say?"

Glancing at my hand, I gulp with regret. My ice cream has transformed from a solid into a liquid, and currently pools on my skin. It drips onto the picnic table in rivulets, painting the wood like a Jackson Pollock masterpiece.

"Whoops." Bring my fingers to my mouth, I attempt to lick the damage. "I guess that employee was right. It *is* a scorcher outside."

Or maybe it's not the sun that's hot today. The sexiest man I've ever laid eyes on who confessed he's attracted to me made me fail to realize that my ice cream was melting.

Salvatore hands me the last napkin. "I'll grab water. Wait here."

"Be sure to tell her we're not related," I chip in.

There's a sick reason I want him to let the chatty employee know he's not my father.

If he's my Dad, then he can't be my Daddy.

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Chapter Eleven

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Salvatore

Two weeks later

My little Picasso.

I sit in my lawn chair, watching Cove paint an enormous canvas. He wears an apron, and the pallet he chose contains every color under the sun. It reminds me of his colorful ice cream two weeks ago.

"You're doing great." I ignore the splatters of pigment assaulting my pristine yard, then direct my focus on Cove's budding talent. "Add more shimmer to your rainbow. Then Posy Roses will look like a unicorn."

Cove raises his paintbrush again. He brings it to the canvas, then spends the next fifteen minutes busying himself with work. He adds white sparkles to Posy Roses' sweater, then paints a cheerful smile on his shirt. When he finishes, he nods at me.

"I'm done." Stepping back, Cove bows and gestures to his masterpiece.

Holy. Shit.

Cove's painting kicks ass. It shows Posy Roses eating an ice cream cone in my estate. Sunlight shines on his face, and lights him up like a jewel. On his crocheted sweater, Cove drew the sweetest heart I've ever seen. It's as if he dedicated months to creating this piece. Yet he only started it this morning.

Last week, when Cove told me he used to paint as a boy, he shocked me. I knew he was artistic because he crochets incredible clothes for his stuffy. My driver picked up Posy Roses' extra sweaters from the Lake Projects six days ago, and I saw how intricate they were firsthand. But he mentioned nothing about painting.

Sure enough, Cove painted on Sundays with his Mom. His mother had an artists' colony in his house, and she invited the creative women from the neighborhood over every weekend. He brought them tea and cookies, and enjoyed watching them work their magic. The ladies took an interest in him and taught him skills they picked up in art school.

"Jesus Christ." I hop off my lawn chair and walk over to Cove. "This is fucking amazing. You seriously painted this entire thing?"

Cove turns to face me. The sunlight causes a spark of something I can't place to glisten in his irises, and it makes him look like a fucking movie star. There's an innocence to him that electrifies me to the core, an intangible element I find impossible to resist. My gaze drops down, and I grunt when I spot his plush, red lips.

Fuck. It's not only Cove's gaze that scorches my insides like an end times conflagration. It's... *everything* about this boy. I fought like hell to resist the temptation to kiss him at the ice cream shop.

Over the past two weeks, Cove and I have gotten closer than I expected. It's harder to turn him away. Every morning, Charisse knocks on the guest bedroom door to wake him, and he prances down the hallway for breakfast. I instruct my chef to prepare five-star meals, and I ensure he eats every bite.

Cove's favorite foods so far are mac n' cheese with bacon and dino nuggets and home-cooked French fries. He loves dipping nuggets into honey mustard sauce, because it reminds him of the kid's meals he used to get when he was a boy.

Cove still hasn't confessed if he's into kink, but my gut tells me he'd make an excellent Little. I also haven't told him about my family situation or my last relationship, but I know we'll reach that point eventually.

He makes it easy for me to open up, which is something I've never experienced in my life. I'm fucking glad he's with me.

Cove blushes, then sets his brush down. "You're joking." He glances at his painting before turning his eyes back up. "I whipped it up for Posy Roses. I wanted to capture how I see him in my mind."

"I fucking mean it." After standing shoulder to shoulder with Cove, I wrap my right arm around his waist. "You're a goddamn artist."

Cove lets out a laugh. "You should've seen the women I painted with growing up. They studied in Paris and trained under French masters. They put me to *shame*."

A rumble of jealousy thunders through me. I imagine little Cove painting with old ladies. No doubt the grandmothers were all over him, arguing as they taught him various paint strokes. Perhaps I have a filthy mind, but Lord knows Grandmas need excitement, too.

"You were young." I study Cove's masterpiece again. "You had to start somewhere. I can tell you worked your ass off."

Cove lets out a sigh as he drops to his knees. "Damn." He rests his chin on his fist. "I can't help but think how much further along I'd be if I'd painted in the Lake Projects. It was so stressful devoting my time to three jobs. Pursuing money. Maintaining my artistic side wasn't in the cards."

I stare at Cove kneeling before me and shake my head in disappointment. It fucking sucks that the arts are reserved for only one class in this country. I'm no fucking social egalitarian, but everyone should unleash their inner creative genius. The best painters throughout history never would've gotten their chances if their parents hadn't been their benefactors.

The same is true for writers and other artists. André Gide, the great French writer, only cranked out millions of words because his father was a renowned law professor. If André hadn't inherited his father's money, he wouldn't have had time to write his magnum opuses.

Dropping to one knee, I inch closer to Cove and brush a strand of hair from his cheek. "You did the best you could. Poverty is stressful and your mother needed you to support her."

I’m such an entitled asshole saying this. Fuck knows I haven't worked three jobs in a long, long while. When I began my career, I was a workaholic who devoted myself to my businesses. Now, they run themselves. I could relax in my estate and play blackjack all day if I wanted to. Financial strife isn't a concept I'm intimate with anymore.

Cove plucks a blade of grass. "I wasted so much time when I could've acquired skills to further myself in this world." He blows the grass into the wind. "Tons of teenagers start internet businesses in high school. I could've enrolled in an online course and taught myself how to set up a virtual store."

I nod. "Go on."

"Instead, I sacrificed the best years of my life to pay rent. Mom blew my money at the casino. I wasted my adolescence for nothing."

Something cracks in my chest. I tilt Cove's head up and let out a sigh when I spot the tears welling in his eyes. Poor, sweet boy. He went through shit in the Lake Projects living with his mother.

It ticks me off that he's struggled so much. When I was a boy, I didn't have it nearly as bad as he did. I wasn't even like my grandfather, who always told me he walked ten miles to class every day and fought off Mafia enemies when he returned home. I grew up in the hood, but my school was within walking distance and no one fucked with me because of my family.

"Hey." I dig my fingers into Cove's chin, then drag my thumb across his cheek. "You wasted nothing. You're only nineteen, and you have your whole life ahead of you. If you want to be an artist, you can do that. No one will stop you."

Cove blinks hard. "Not unless someone pays for me to go to art school." He chortles out a laugh and grits his teeth. "And becomes my benefactor as well. It's a terrible financial investment to become a creative if you're not independently wealthy. It's impossible to make a living if you can't create art people want."

A grunt tumbles out of my lips as I pull Cove close to me. "It's the law of supply and demand. That's why so many artists have parents who support

them."

"Imagine you enjoy creating art that's no longer popular." Cove swipes his thumb along his lower lip, then rubs his toes in the grass. "No one will get in your way, if you don't hurt anyone. But if no one consumes your work, you're left with an expensive hobby."

"You can say that again."

"There's nothing wrong with a hobby," Cove continues, "but you'll never live off your art if you can't monetize it. The modern economy requires that everyone builds a personal brand to sell their creations. If I just want to paint pictures of Posy Roses all day—or maybe one of the sexy Daddies who swings by the toy store—I'm shit out of luck if no one values it."

I pull Cove close to my chest and lean back on the grass. "I love your art. Say the words, and I'll buy every Posy Roses painting you create."

Cove rests his head on my shoulder. "Everyone's an artist until rent is due. If you can't figure out how to sell your wares, you're better off giving blowjobs in the Wendy's parking lot."

I let Cove's comments take up residence in my brain. It's tough being a creative in a businessman's world. God, he's poignant when he speaks. He communicates in a way that lets me know exactly what's in his heart, but includes high-level concepts in his conversation.

To say I'm impressed is an understatement. Yet again, I think of my worthless ex-boyfriend Azazel. Whenever I attempted deep conversations with him, he shot me down and asked me what gifts I purchased him. He didn't want to open up with me, he only wanted me for my bank account.

Cove's different.

Leaning in, I squeeze Cove's shoulder. "Posy Roses is proud of your painting. You captured his essence."

A red blush blooms in his cheeks. "I'm curious how you know that seeing as Posy's soaking in my bathtub and he hasn't spoken to you this morning."

I raise my eyebrows. "Not sure what you mean."

Cove clears his throat and glances at his work. He brings his fingers to his chin as if mulling something.

"Can I let you in on a secret?"

I nod. "Sure."

"I cuddle with him in naughty ways. You mentioned you were involved in kink two weeks ago, and this is my kink. Sometimes, when I have sexy thoughts, he helps me."

My cock hardens as heat races across my flesh.

Turning to face Cove, I tilt his chin up and stare into his eyes. "What do you mean, boy?"

It sounds like Cove's talking about stuffy kink. Stuffy kink is real in the BDSM community. Most boys don't practice it, but some Littles love rubbing themselves on their stuffed animals in their special headspace. It adds to their regression experience and makes them feel small.

If he engages in stuffy kink, I can't think he's vanilla any longer. He's not the innocent young man who cuddles with Posy Roses because it reminds him of his lost childhood. He's a Little… *and I'm pretty sure he wants a Daddy.*

Cove bites his lower lip as he flits his eyes up to me. "It's private."

I place my palm on his thigh, then rub it. "Confide in me, boy. It'll be our little secret. I won't tell anyone."

Cove blushes as he hides behind his hands. "I'm a Little. I cuddle with stuffed animals and dress in children's clothes. Part of my kink is masturbating with Posy Roses. That's why I bathe him every night. I need to get my cummies out of his bunny fur."

My cock spurts pre-come. "I'm glad you told me, boy. I suspected you were a Little, but I thought you were too innocent to be involved in the community. Have you ever had a Daddy?"

"Nope." Cove stares at his feet. "My father wasn't nice to my mother growing up. His name was Salem. That's when I started cuddling with my

stuffies. I feel like a Daddy would reject me like my real Dad."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

Rage punches me when I think of Cove's father not accepting him. That's the shitty thing about parents. They can cut you off and verbally denigrate you if they don't agree with your "choices."

However, sometimes the things they call choices aren't choices at all. They're fundamental parts of who you are, the very elements that make up your person. It sucks that some mothers and fathers don't recognize this.

"I only felt safe when I moved to the Lake Projects." Tears well in Cove's eyes. "I… can't discuss this right now. My heart hurts too much."

I pick up a flower and hand it to Cove. "Here you go, boy." After placing it in his palm, I encircle his hands with mine. "Flowers don't bloom until they're ready. Wait until you're comfortable to confide in me. There's no rush."

Cove glances up and stares into my eyes. His breath hitches, and his lower lip trembles. He sniffles as he holds his flower. "I appreciate it."

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Chapter Twelve

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Cove

One week later

I sit on the sofa, curled up beside Salvatore. A stack of flashcards lies on my lap, and I study them with care. His important meeting with the municipality board is next week, and I'm determined to be his intelligent sidekick.

Picking up a flashcard, I read it over once, twice, then close my eyes to memorize it. Visualizing the words on the back, I flip it over to see if I'm right.

The flashcard says:

When the asshole motherfucker named Justin from the board asks where my money comes from, tell them I work with foreign investors.

I blow out a breath of relief. "I won't let Daddy down."

Salvatore also put me on payroll last week, to prove he has multiple employees in the Projects. This way, when the board grills him, he can use my paystubs to show he operates a genuine business.

He created retroactive checks for me, which works out in my favor. I'm pretty sure they're fraudulent, but I pray they satisfy the municipality board.

If the FBI investigated him, I believe he'd exercise more caution, but he runs this city like Batman. He should be fine.

Salvatore lets out a grunt, then nudges my ribs. “Quit studying, nerd.” Running his thumb over my wrist, he directs his attention to the flashcard. "How are the flashcards coming?"

I lift my head… and force myself to remember how to breathe. I stare into Salvatore's hazel eyes, a feeling of sugary goodness building within me. There's gorgeous, and then there's whatever the hell *this* is.

Salvatore combines manly looks with a ferociousness that you only see in rich billionaires. Everything about him screams power, money, wealth. The tick in his jaw shouts danger. But it's a good danger, because he acquired it from decades of building his empire. He'd attack any asshole who tried to hurt me.

I'm confident that if Salvatore knew my father abused Mom and me growing up, he'd put a bullet in Dad's skull. No doubt about it.

Snuggling closer to Salvatore, I set my flashcard on my lap. "I memorized everything." Lifting my left hand, I brush a strand of hair from my forehead. "That was the last card of the night. I scored ten out of ten."

A smirk lifts on Salvatore's mouth. "That's my good boy. You're smart as fuck, you know that?" He squeezes my thigh, then drapes his arm around my neck. "You should go on a game show where you recite a bunch of facts to win millions of dollars."

"Like Jeopardy?"

Salvatore nods. "You committed my flashcards to memory overnight. No one else in this city could do that. I've worked with plenty of smart people in my lifetime, but your memory is unparalleled."

Salvatore's effusive praise makes me blush. I let out a laugh as the events of the past few weeks drift across my mind. We spend much more time together now. In the afternoons, he prepares me for his meeting with the municipality. It's in a fortnight, so I must practice answering the questions the board members will ask. They're foaming at the mouth to nail him for money laundering, but I'll prove his businesses are on the up and up.

Yesterday, Salvatore made these flashcards for me to study. We covered everything from his business operations to the program he wants to start for disenfranchised youth to keep them off the streets. If I tell the board he swings by the Lake Projects every fourth Saturday of the month to handle evictions, they'll believe his buildings are legit.

But the interview prep is only half of the fun, and let's face it, it drains us. My favorite time of day… *and the best for Salvatore as well…* are when we hang out in the evening. He blocks out three hours to get to know me better, and find out about my past.

Two nights ago, Salvatore and I walked around his estate and he showed me the flowers he planted in honor of his grandmother. When it rained yesterday, he took me shopping and purchased me new clothes. I love bright colors and underwear with cartoon animal designs, and I tried my best to show him my playful innocence concealed a devilish side underneath.

These are the most spectacular parts of the day, when Salvatore and I talk for hours, ignoring everything around us. He hasn't told me about his family situation or his last relationship, but I know we'll reach that point eventually. He makes it easy for me to open up, which is something I've never experienced. I'm fucking glad he's with me.

And now, Salvatore compliments my intelligence, too. Well, this is one thing I didn't see coming. Not only is he *not* disappointed in me, he's impressed I internalized the details of his business so quickly.

I think about my father Salem, and grit my teeth. Never, ever in my life did Dad lavish this type of praise on me. His idea of letting me know he was proud of me was sending me to my bedroom so I didn't have to watch him fuck my mother at night.

Not once did he congratulate me on getting an A on an exam or writing a stellar paper. Plenty of parents hang their children's report cards on the fridge, but Salem tore mine up and told me to get to my room. His cock was already in his hand, ready to drive into my mother, when I scampered up the stairs.

My cheeks burn, but I force myself to be brave as I look at Salvatore. I blow out a breath, then adjust my body as I stare into his eyes. "Can I tell you something?"

"Sure."

Blinking hard, I press my palms together. "I started a homework business in middle school. I thought I did well, but my father didn't."

I haven't confided in Salvatore about my personal life, and he hasn't told me about his, either. This was a key condition of our arrangement three weeks ago that we discussed in the ice cream shop. But our deep discussion hasn't happened yet. If I take the first step today, I hope he will open up, too.

Salvatore's eyebrows tick up. “Well, your Dad’s a fucking asshole.” He massages my upper back. "That takes a lot of brainpower. I'm sorry about your Dad."

I blush. “You think?”

Salvatore nods. "I never could've started a business like that. I wasn't a horrible student, but my teachers didn't give me A's. My idea of acing a class was putting as little time into homework as I needed to squeak by with a B. You figured out the system and excelled in a rigorous academic environment."

"It came with a cost." I stare at my feet.

Salvatore furrows his brow. "What do you mean?"

"My father.” I shrug as if this is the least important thing in the world. "He wasn't proud of me."

Salvatore stops massaging my back, then tilts my chin up. "Tell me, buddy."

Letting out a breath, I shake my head. "I'll talk about it later. He did horrible stuff to my Mom and me, and I'm not ready to discuss it yet."

Truthfully, I don't know if I'll ever be prepared. Like many trauma survivors, my brain blocked out the worst events. I try to visualize things Dad did, but all I can remember are vague generalizations.

I view my past through a screen, not as the incidents occurred. I'm certain that someday the memories will return, maybe after I start therapy. But until then, I'd rather not open old wounds.

Salvatore nods. "I understand. My father did terrible shit, too, growing up. I also haven't shared it with many people because it brings back too much pain."

Oh. This is interesting. Moving closer, I place my hand on his wrist.

"Yeah?" I drag my thumb along Salvatore's skin. "Sounds like we have more in common than I thought."

Salvatore slits his eyes. "My father—how do I say it?—wasn't the most caring guy. Whenever my mother brought up topics that made him uncomfortable, he'd rage."

Visions of Salem flying into violent spasms dart through my mind. I blow out a breath, remembering the time Dad threw a chair across the room because my mother wore the wrong pair of shoes to family dinner. He told her to wear flats, and the stilettos she chose made her look like a slut, according to him. He wouldn't have it, and he busted a hole in the wall that he didn't have fixed for six months.

Biting my lower lip, I nod. "My Dad did the same thing."

"My father loved throwing bottles." Salvatore runs his thumb over his chin, then stares into the distance. "I was a problem child as a boy, in his eyes. I watched inappropriate movies, and nothing made me happier than quoting from them in his presence. Dad was abused growing up, and he couldn't handle any discussion about sex. Innocuous comments about the human body gave him panic attacks. If I told him a line from a movie while he was drinking a beer, he'd fling his bottle at the wall to get me to shut the fuck up. He claimed it was because he had PTSD, but I wasn't sure about that. All I could do was feel bad for the flies who didn't have sufficient warning to dodge the flying glass."

Bottles at walls. Shards of glass. Chills rake down my spine as hidden memories pop into my mind, but I force myself to push them down.

This is the first time where things are going well for me, and I'm getting closer to Salvatore than I have with anyone in my life. I refuse to screw this up by wallowing in my trauma.

I nod. "My Dad did the bottle thing, too. I'm sorry to hear that. It must've been stressful when you were a boy."

Salvatore shrugs. "It was bad at first. When I was ten, I'd cower in my bedroom, not knowing why my father was in a rage again. But as I grew older, I realized he couldn't handle anyone talking back to him. He bitched at his employees when they didn't do his bidding, and fired them for defiance. As a teen, I couldn't help but laugh at his stupidity. He was a cartoon character with zero desire to control his emotions. He tried to apologize later, and I accepted his apology, but a five-minute conversation doesn't eliminate eighteen years of violence."

I cross my right leg over my left. "I wonder if the world would be better if women took over parenting." Shrugging, I rest my chin on Salvatore's shoulder. "Men have zero emotional control and they don't enjoy therapy. You can try to talk sense into them, but they always lose their shit in the end."

The hint of a smirk forms on Salvatore's face. "That's sexist." He trails his index finger over my jaw. "But you're not wrong. I've read that when governments provide humanitarian aid to foreign countries, they prefer to give it to the women of the household."

This piques my curiosity. "Why's that?"

Salvatore huffs out a breath. "Apparently, men blow the money on impulse purchases instead of providing for their kids. They've done studies on this, and I took a course that covered it when I got my MBA at Berkeley. When women take the assistance, they give it to their children first."

I shake my head as I process this. It's never easy to think about harsh truths like this, but I believe Salvatore. Fathers have more of a propensity to run when times get tough, and mothers stick around for the long haul.

Of course, not every mother harbors nurturing instincts. Some gamble their son's money away on slots. But barring addiction, his hypothesis makes

sense.

"That wouldn't work with my Mom." I pick up my flashcards, then set them on the sofa cushion next to me. "She'd use the humanitarian aid check at the casino that very night. She'd tell me she'd buy food as soon as she won, but she'd likely only do that to ease her guilt."

Salvatore turns to face me. "I'm so sorry about your Mom." He cracks his knuckles in disappointment. "Addiction fucking sucks."

I nod. "You can say that again."

"My older brother Samael was an alcoholic." Salvatore gets quiet. "This is something I don't tell many people."

I tilt my eyebrows up, staring at Salvatore. He has a brother? I wrack my brains trying to see if he told me about this earlier, but I can't recall. I'd remember if he let this slip. Until now, I was certain he was an only child.

I scoot closer. "You have an older brother?"

"Had." Salvatore grits his teeth.

Oh… no. I didn't realize he spoke about his brother in the *past* tense.

I bury Salvatore in a hug. "I'm so sorry. I didn't know."

"Samael passed away years ago." Salvatore wraps his arms around me. "He had a drinking problem because of my father's verbal abuse. He consumed three bottles of gin a night."

"That's rough."

"Dad's tirades affected him most. I was too young to notice what was happening most of the time. My father hit him a couple of times for stealing money, and my brother turned to liquor to cope. The gin got him in the end."

My eyes are teary as I look at Salvatore. "I guess we've both had unpleasant experiences with addiction." Pressing my head against his chest, I squeeze him tight. "It's terrible because there's nothing you can do. I bet you spoke to your brother many times."

"You're right." Salvatore's palm migrates to my lower back, and he rubs me. "Samael and I had *the talk* every year at Christmas. My extended family flew to the Cayman Islands to celebrate. My brother would sit on the sofa, guzzling drinks as the rest of us exchanged presents. When we had our midnight walk on the beach, I'd pull him aside and ask him about his drinking. Evasive is the most fitting word to describe my brother. Discussing his problems wasn't an option, and he always shot me down. Ten years ago, he had excruciating stomach pain, and an ambulance took him to the ER. He had chronic organ failure, and the doctors couldn't do anything. They were sure he also abused painkillers, because this would've masked his misery. But it was too late when he asked for help."

I picture Salvatore walking with his brother, trying to get him to open up about his problems. I envision moonlight streaming across the beach, illuminating the waves, he and his brother feeling the cool sand beneath them, smelling the sea, hearing water hitting the shore. The difficult conversation between the two overshadows the beautiful location.

The thing about addiction is that it doesn't matter how many times you try to speak to someone or how much you plead. It's up to the person with the problem to take action, and they often don't choose to because they're addicted. Life must get so bad for them that they change their behavior, but many times, it's too late.

"I'm so sorry." I sniffle. "You did the best you could. You tried to help, but he didn't wish to listen."

"Exactly." Salvatore moves his hand on my back, holding me tight. "It sucks, but there was nothing I could do. I blame my father, but he had PTSD and panic attacks, so I'm not even sure how much blame I can place on him. All I know is I swore off drinking after Samael's death and never touched a drop again."

I think about the first day Salvatore led me out of the Projects. In his limousine, he pulled out a blue bottle of sparkling water. I didn't see alcohol anywhere.

"Is that why you have sparkling water in your limo?" I query.

Salvatore nods. "I have alcohol in a locked compartment for guests, but I don't keep it in the refrigerator. Alcoholism runs in my family, and I'd never want to tempt myself. It's foolish to throw my life away."

"Anyway," Salvatore continues, "I'm addicted to work. If you took me out of LA and put me on a deserted island, I'd still try to build another company. It's in my blood, my guts, my DNA. I'd probably start a one-man palm tree export business and figure out how to get the local ant populations to help me. When I'm not working, I go through the fucking roof."

It makes sense why Salvatore's an incredible businessman. Everyone has their vices, but some people channel that energy into productive activities, directing their obsessive instincts toward something that can't hurt them.

Staring into Salvatore's eyes, I get an idea. He brought me here to change my life, but what if I can help him, too?

"Hey." Running my hand through my hair, I look at Salvatore. "I want to amend our original deal."

"Uh oh." An expression I can't place darts across his face. "This can't be good."

"You work a lot." I need Salvatore to understand how serious this is, so I speak slowly. "When I wake up in the morning, I only speak to you for fifteen minutes before you head to your office. We chat in the afternoon, but that's not enough. When's the last time you took a vacation?"

"I take business trips." Salvatore lets out a grunt. "Not vacations. They're tax write-offs."

I smile. "What if you go on vacation with me after the municipality board meeting?" I stare into Salvatore's eyes. "A *real* vacation. It could be a great experience for both of us. I've never been on a trip—at least not since I was a little boy—and you need to learn how to reduce your addiction to work."

Salvatore smirks. "I'm not a workaholic. I was exaggerating."

Ha. This man thinks he can back down now? He's got another thing coming.

I smack Salvatore's shoulder. "Workaholism is a serious vice." Lifting my index finger, I wag it in his face. "It leads to anxiety if left untreated. It also contributes to burnout, which means you can't function for months. You need a vacation to unwind."

Salvatore brings his pointer finger to his chin. He mulls my proposal over.

"And where do you suggest we go?" Salvatore smirks. "Rich tourists book the best spots this time of year. It'll be hard to find a place at the last minute."

"How about we buy a map and throw a dart at it?" This is the coolest idea ever. "We don't need to jot down every detail. We'll have a spontaneous trip to celebrate convincing the municipality board that your business is on the up and up."

Salvatore lets out a groan. "You drive a hard bargain." After running his fingers through my hair, he rubs my temple with his thumb. "And you memorized those flashcards in *record* time. Seriously. Maybe you deserve a reward."

My cheeks flush pink. "Thank you."

"And you'd come with me?" Salvatore pushes his hand down my back, then palms my ass. "You'll keep me company on the plane and fulfill your part of the bargain?"

Salvatore squeezes my butt. My breath hitches, and pinpricks of fire course across my flesh. My cock hardens in my undies, and I whimper as I press against his body.

Reaching out to support myself by placing my right hand on Salvatore's lap, I feel something I didn't expect. Glancing down, I realize it's a thick bulge in his suit pants, protruding from the expensive fabric. I run my fingers across it, and gulp as it throbs beneath my touch.

Removing my palm, I stare into Salvatore's eyes. "Is Daddy… excited?"

I'm taking an epic risk. Salvatore hasn't told me he's into Daddy kink, and this could ruin everything we have. After all, if I've read his signals wrong, he could kick me to the streets.

Salvatore grips my fingers and brings them back to his cock. "Daddy likes when boys touch his cock." He grinds my hand up and down, forcing his authority on me. "Daddy hasn't played with a pretty boy in a long time. You're the first in decades."

I tear myself away from Salvatore's lap. Oh, I definitely read this situation right. This beautiful man, this evil devil who I've spied on for years, is into Daddy kink. And he likes *me*.

The realization that I turn Salvatore on is too much for me. Leaping up, I tuck my erect cock into my waistband so he won't glimpse it, then giggle as I pick up my flashcards.

"I'll catch you later, Daddy." Blushing hard, I retreat to the hallway. "I need to go over my flashcards again for our meeting."

Salvatore smirks. "Bye, pretty boy. If you don't hurry, I'll give you a spanking."

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Chapter Thirteen

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Salvatore

One week later

"We're not totally convinced." Justin eyes the rest of the municipality board members sternly, then pushes his ugly ass glasses up.

I grit my teeth. "Will you allow us to proceed with the development?"

"Yes." Justin shoots me a death glare. "But if any more evidence pops up, we're reopening these charges. Stay clear of the law, and you should be good."

Reaching forward, I wave goodbye to the annoying ass board members and snap my computer monitor off. I take a sip of sparkling water, then turn to Cove.

A look I can't place sits on his face. His eyes are wide, and a hint of a smile lurks on his features. He struggles not to grin.

"We did it." Leaning in, I embrace Cove in a hug. "There's no need to be quiet. It's time to celebrate."

"Congratulations, Daddy!" Cove pitches forward and squeezes me as hard as he can. "You freaking killed it talking to that dude. He reminded me of that monster in *Monsters Inc.* who spoke in that ugly nasally voice."

Oh yes. The one that tells Mike Wazowski he forgot to file his paperwork.

I tousle Cove's hair. "You're the only reason we passed." Picking up my sparkling water, I pour him a fresh cup. "If you hadn't memorized those flashcards, the board members never would've believed my business is legit. You bombarded them with facts and logic and they were only prepared for lies. I couldn't have recited that much information myself."

"Don't be modest." Cove blushes.

"I'm serious." I stare sternly into Cove's eyes. "Daddy didn't memorize the data on your flashcards. He leaves most of his operations to his secretaries. I would've flipped through a binder every time Justin opened his puny little mouth."

Cove tilts his chin up and blinks, then leans in and plants a kiss on my chest.

"I'm proud of you." Shaking his head, Cove hops off his chair and sits on my lap. "You get to build your new apartments now. Maybe you can help underprivileged boys and girls like we talked about last night."

Before I brought Cove to his bedroom yesterday, I confided in him about my expanded proposal to assist the youth in my projects. I told him it's not fair I punish them because of their parents' wrongdoings. Kids with pimps and drug dealers as fathers don't deserve to be homeless only because their parents are deadbeats.

Cove adored my plan. He said it was the best idea ever, that he'd love to implement it with me. He knows a few boys his age in the Projects, and he'll ask them for suggestions.

I'm grateful for Cove's help. The worst thing wealthy people do when trying to aid others is earmark money for certain activities without consulting the individuals they're helping. It's like when out-of-touch school district administrators craft curriculum that doesn't meet their students' needs, because they've never stepped foot in a fucking classroom in their lives. Cove and his acquaintances will allow me to actually benefit people instead of writing checks and merely feeling good about myself.

A growl escapes me as I stare into Cove's eyes. A desire so pure and true wells up within me when my gaze locks on his plush, red lips. God, what I'd

give to kiss this boy right now. When he first moved in, I resisted him at all costs. After all, I wanted to change his life, not take advantage of him. It's also dangerous as hell to surrender to my attraction because enemies can use it as leverage against me.

But Cove has such a selfless heart, and he's just my type. After he grabbed my crotch last week and called me Daddy, that beautiful title I've craved for so long, resisting was an impossible task.

Lifting my hand, I grip Cove's chin. "That's the plan. I want to designate an entire unit for boys and girls struggling in this city."

Cove's eyes fill with hope. "Seriously?" He sniffles. "No one does that here. The rich live in their gated communities and never help the less fortunate. They struggle so much."

"I fucking mean it." I drive my thumb into Cove's chin. "I want to listen to you and the youth you know in the Projects to best serve them. Giving them a place to stay rent free will also go a long way. I'd like to prioritize kids with disabilities—both visible and invisible—but I'm willing to open applications to anyone."

Cove sniffles. "I was right about you." He buries his head in my chest. "Everyone called you mean names when you came to the Projects. They said you were a ruthless monster. I thought you had a sweet heart inside. Now I know you're kind, generous, and wish to help people, too. You have every characteristic of a Daddy."

"Pretty boy." I remember how Cove responded when I referred to him as *pretty* last week, so I yearn to use that same word again. "I have something to tell you. I'm going to carry you like a little baby to the sofa."

I want to make sure I have Cove's consent before I do this. In my last relationship, Azazel said I infantilized him. We obviously weren't compatible, because I wanted to cuddle him, but his words were enough to prevent me from doing shit without asking ever again.

Cove's cheeks flush pink. "Suuure. If you say so."

That's my boy.

I tighten my grip on Cove, holding him snug. As I exit my office and lock my door behind me, I keep him pressed against my chest so he doesn't fall. He needs to realize that I've got him now, he's safe with me.

And after the wonderful performance he put on with the municipality board, I itch to show him my appreciation.

Cupping Cove's ass, I bring him to my sofa and sit him next to me. From a secret drawer, I pull out the baby blanket with bunnies I purchased last week as well as a bunny-shaped pillow. I also bought pacifiers, nappies, and onesies, but I won't tell him that yet.

We haven't discussed what he enjoys as a Little, but I'll be damned to fucking hell if I scare him off. I'm willing to go all the way, put him in diapers, spank him when he's a naughty boy, but not if it makes him uncomfortable. Baby blankets and pillows are a start.

Cove's eyes widen as he accepts the blanket. "Oh my Gosh." His voice is barely audible as he presses it to his heart, then rubs his cheek against it. "This is so adorable."

Relief.

It floods my senses, coursing through every nook and cranny of my being. Cove likes my present. He's not like my ex-boyfriend Azazel who screeched that I didn't get him the right things or that he'd prefer a Gucci backpack instead of ABDL gear.

"Daddy wishes to place you back in his lap." I grip Cove's shoulder. "Do I have your consent?"

Cove stares at me, prompting me to lose all semblance of time. His soft, downy cheeks complement his new blankie perfectly. His pale, dainty wrists cry out for snuggles. Even his legs, those strong, sparsely haired legs I've ogled so many times that are now securely protected in his suit pants, demand that Daddy stroke them.

"Yes." Cove squeezes his blanket, then kisses his pillow. "Daddy can put me on his lap. I'd like that very much."

Heaving Cove up yet again, I place him on my lap. His nineteen-year-old ass fits snugly against me. Tufts of chestnut hair rub against my chin. A groan slips out of me when I inhale the scent of his tropical shampoo.

Lifting the baby blanket, I drape it over his body, then arrange the pillow behind his neck. I tuck it under us, wrapping Cove and I in a cocoon.

My cock throbs in my suit pants. It rubs against Cove's ass cheeks. His flesh is so supple, almost like butter pressed against me, and every part of me desires to take his clothes off.

Goddamn. What does Cove look like naked? I can already picture kissing his tummy, wrapping my arms around his hips, diving down on his cock. I thirst to lick his balls, pop them into my mouth, then gorge myself on his body.

Knock it off.

I must be patient. The last thing I want to do is push Cove away, especially when we're going on vacation together.

"Are you comfortable?" I pull Cove toward me. "Daddy can change positions."

Cove wiggles his butt on my lap. "I'm fine, Daddy. I've never been more snuggly in my life."

He spins around to look at me. "Weren't you going to tell me something?" He furrows his brow. "I believe it was important."

I nod. "I want to confide in you about my ex-relationship. My last Little. The reason I haven't had a boy in so long."

Cove closes his eyes. "I'm glad to hear that, Daddy. I was worried you didn't wish to tell me about your love life."

Uhhhhm. Is he serious?

I furrow my brow. "Of course I planned to, boy. I've waited for the right moment."

Cove smiles. "I'm ready now."

I twirl a lock of his hair around my thumb. "My ex-boyfriend's name was Azazel. He was a sophomore in college I met while getting my MBA. He was an undergraduate student, and he studied art history and portraiture."

Cove nods. "It sounds like you two had a lot in common."

"At first," I admit, “but our differences didn't take long to appear. He was a Middle, as he confessed toward the end of our relationship. That's not what he told me at the beginning. We met at a kink mixer where my older brother and I were exploring the scene."

Cove shakes his head in amusement. "California loving. I'm enjoying this so far."

"Azazel told me he was a Little that first night. I was excited, because I'd only acted as a Daddy without age play before. We ventured to a kink store and purchased pacifiers, adult diapers, and other items to experiment with. I bought him cute stuffies, and he laughed and said they were perfect."

"I take it he wasn't who you thought he was."

“We were together for three years. I babied him every weekend, and placed him in the diapers I thought he liked. I let him suckle my nipples, and he told me he enjoyed it. But over time, he appreciated my gifts less and less and started asking for cash more and more. Eventually, he rejected my presents and said he only wanted Gucci. I'd buy him a new block set to play with and he'd ask for the receipts so he could exchange it for a Prada bag. Toward the end of our relationship, I asked him why he no longer used Little things, and he confessed he lied to me the first day we met because he'd heard rumors I was rich. He was secretly a bratty Middle, but he put up with Little things because I took him on trips."

Cove's jaw drops. "That's so shitty."

"I thought he truly appreciated my Daddy side. I went above and beyond for him, pushing myself out of my comfort zone. It was tough because I'd never been a Daddy to a Little before, and I loved exploring age play. His confession destroyed me. I couldn't believe I'd been so naïve. I started looking at the kink community with a more critical eye, and found it hard to trust anyone. How could I put my faith in a boy who might lie to me again?

I packed up his things and told him to leave. He begged me to let him stay, telling me he could continue to be a Little if that's what I wanted. That infuriated me more. I didn't want a Little who only engaged in Little activities for me. Mutual desire is everything to me, and it pissed me off that he wasn't upfront. If he'd informed me he was a Middle that first night, we could've shared a very different three years together. But I never would've discovered the part of myself that adored age play, that loved seeing baby boys with Daddies. Once I diapered him, I couldn't go back to regular Daddy kink."

"That sucks so much."

"I also couldn't bring myself to commence another relationship. I had trust issues, and besides, my enemies lurked everywhere in this city. It's dangerous falling for boys, and if people learned I was into age play, it'd affect my business. It was safer to put my needs on the back burner and focus solely on work. I used to play with boys in kink clubs, but only with a mask on my face and under the guise of anonymity. I didn't want anyone to know my true identity. It was too risky, both in a professional sense, and for my heart."

Cove takes a moment to process this. He brings his thumb to his lips, then sucks on it as he rubs his cheek against my chest.

"I'm so sorry." Cove cuddles me. "You didn't deserve that. Azazel's a terrible person, and he should've been honest with you."

I shake my head. "I wouldn't have discovered age play if he hadn't lied. And I fucking love age play. It speaks to a part of me I couldn't access when I was young."

Tilting around, Cove's eyes lock on mine. "Because of your Dad?"

I let out a sigh. "Yes," I say. "My father wasn't loving and my mother wasn't, either. I wanted to be the man I didn't have growing up. Kind. Patient. Slow to anger. I desired a beautiful boy to spoil and treat like the best bunny in the world."

Cove nods. "I think that's why I adore age play, too." He sucks his thumb. "Some people enjoy it because it's a kink, but it goes deeper for me. I still

haven't processed everything that went down with my Dad, but it wasn't pretty."

"I understand."

"Regression helps me become the boy I never could've been. When I'm in Little space, no one can hurt me. My father Salem doesn't throw chairs across the room or fuck my Mom when I'm in the room. I don't have to worry about dodging shards of glass. I cuddle with Posy Roses and pretend I have a Daddy who loves me, adores me, and won't lay his hands on me."

Irritation churns within me. "Your father… had sex with your Mom in *front* of you?"

This is disgusting. I try to picture any grown man doing that, but I can't. Not unless they're abusive.

Cove hides under the bunny blanket. "I don't want to talk about it. Honestly, I don't even remember most of the things he did. He screamed at me a lot, but my brain blocked out the worst moments. If I speak about it, I won't be able to forget."

Never in my life have I had a heart-to-heart with someone that went this well. I tried with my brother, but he never wanted to discuss my father's actions. Cove's the first human being I've ever spoken to in this way, and I imagine the reverse is true as well.

But the thought of Cove's father abusing his family like this enrages me more than I can believe. I want to head to my locked weapons' room, grab my AK-47, and drive to his Dad's home this instant. Now I realize why Cove and his mother lived in the Lake Projects all these years.

I stroke Cove's shoulder. "Is that the reason your Mom moved to the Lake Projects?"

A sniffle sounds from underneath the baby blanket. "We fled in the middle of the night. Mom told me never to take a W-2 job or let anyone know where we were going because Dad would discover our location."

Peeling back the blanket, Cove turns his teary eyes to me. "Mom bribed the woman who works at your front desk to turn every man resembling Salem

away. We stayed safe for five years and he hasn't found us yet. If he discovered where we lived, he'd kill us both."

Rage.

Unfettered, all-encompassing rage.

It slices through me, shredding my guts.

My vision is so full of red I can't even see my fucking living room.

I want to find Cove's father, tie him to a basement water pipe, and cut the skin from his body. I need to puncture his lungs, then hang him upside down as the blood floods into his throat.

I take Cove's hand in mine. "You never have to worry about that with me, baby boy. I'll protect you. Your father can show up with fifty armed men and I wouldn't let him hurt you. I'll punch his bitch ass face and strangle him."

Another tear drips down Cove's cheek. He gulps, then squeezes his bunny pillow.

"Salem is a powerful man." Cove's voice shakes. "He's not a business executive or a corporate drone. Mom and I think he runs illegal businesses in the underworld. She could never figure out how he made his money."

Cove's terrified that his father will overpower me. What Cove doesn't know is that I'm in the motherfucking Mafia.

I've killed more men with my bare fists than most soldiers do in a lifetime.

Gripping Cove's chin, I tilt his chin up. "I'll tell you something. But I don't want you to freak out."

Cove trembles, shaking his head. "I won't. I swear."

"I'm not just another billionaire." My breath hitches, cascading out of my lips as I stare into Cove's eyes. "I'm in the fucking Mafia."

Cove's eyes bulge. "You're joking."

"No." My voice is fierce. "If that motherfucker shows up looking for you, he's dead meat. My shooters will blast his body to bits. If he gets within one foot of you, he'll never breathe again. He won't put his hands on you. I'll strangle his ass and murder him."

Cove spins on my lap. He threads his arms around my neck, then opens his mouth.

"Oh Daddy." Cove's breath catches in his throat. "You'll… *protect* me? You'll keep me safe from my Dad?"

Most boys in this city would fucking run for the hills because I'm in the Mafia. But Cove isn't like other boys. He's been through shit. His father brutally abused him, and the adults in his life let him down. It doesn't shock me that my confession doesn't phase him. He's a fighter and he knows I'll protect him.

I cup Cove's ass. "Fuck right I will." I lick his lips into a kiss. “I’ve got you, pretty boy. Your motherfucking Dad will never get close to you again."

A whimper escapes Cove as he kisses me.

He surrenders to my touch, letting me swirl my tongue around his mouth, claiming him as my own. He grinds hard, letting out a gasp as he presses his cock into me.

"Look, Daddy." Cove stands up, showing me his hard bulge. "My willy… it's so achy. Need big strong Daddy to… *touch*."

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Chapter Fourteen

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Cove

A MOAN TUMBLES OUT OF MY LIPS AS SALVATORE SECURES MY SUIT PANTS IN his grip, thrusting them to the floor. His firm, calloused fingers flutter across my skin, touching my undies, making me wet. His deep, sonorous voice echoes through my mind, and I can't help but quiver as I replay what he said.

Salvatore's in the *Mafia*.

He has connections to make sure Dad *never* comes after me again.

I knew there was something unique about him. He was so confident when he walked up to the Projects every fourth Saturday, so poised and cocksure.

There were also the rumors that swirled about him. It was rare to walk down the halls and not hear the whispers about him engaging in criminal activity.

Some speculated he was a front man, running drugs across LA.

Others thought he invested foreign money, putting it in shell corporations to avoid taxes.

And there's the fact Salvatore discussed his enemies throughout the city multiple times.

I assumed he was referring to his business competitors, even though now I get what he really meant.

But the truth is so much better.

Salvatore's involved in the criminal underworld and doesn't take shit from anyone.

Salvatore could murder a man with his bare fists, and likely send them to the emergency room with the flick of his wrist.

If Salem fucking finds me, Salvatore will attack him with guns blazing.

There's no doubt he'd kill my Dad. I probably wouldn't be able to identify Salem's body at the morgue.

Staring into Salvatore's eyes, I let myself fall into his aura. With his fierce, chiseled jaw, powerful nose, and sharp, cutting gaze, he’s every bit the Daddy of my dreams. I've fantasized about this man for years, Lord have I ever, but he's even more desirable now that I know his secret.

Hearing his story about his brother and abusive father growing up only solidifies my feelings for him. He had a shitty childhood like me. His father also had fits of rage and threw bottles at the wall, blaming his actions on PTSD. Neither he nor I told anyone these stories before today, because we were too afraid of what people might think.

But this afternoon, we discovered we have a genuine bond, a veritable connection. The link between us is so strong, nothing can break it.

Giving myself over to Salvatore after we've kissed is a no-brainer. I want this man with every part of my being. The deepest, darkest recesses of my soul crave him, and my Little side is so honored to even be in his presence.

Salvatore makes me feel like the last five years of my life never happened. He's the Magic Time Fairy who transported me back to the day before I moved into the Lake Projects, when I was still innocent and didn't have to worry about working three jobs to pay Mom's bills.

"Are you sure, boy?" My new Daddy's eyes rake across my body, drinking in my tummy. "I refuse to take advantage of you. I need your consent before we proceed."

On my Gosh. This... is a joke. It *must* be. This man thinks I don't want him? In the Projects, all I did was cuddle with Posy Roses and fantasize about Salvatore. I dreamt about him ripping me out of my shitty life and bringing me to a wonderful land far, far away. I also imagined him taking me to bed, walking in on me playing with my stuffy, having his way with me.

Now that Salvatore's actually in front of me, he thinks I need to give him my consent again?

I want him with all my heart.

"I'm sure." I take Salvatore's fingers, then bring them between my legs. "Feel that, Daddy? Feel that hard thing?"

Salvatore blows out a breath, rubbing my cock. "Yes."

"You're not taking advantage of me." A whimper escapes me as I grind into his palm, relishing in the sensation of his firm hand on my shaft for the first time. "This is the result of *years* of fantasizing about you. Fucking *years*."

Salvatore leans in, then drags his thumb across my cheek. “Say it again.”

I press up against him. "When I turned eighteen, I'd rush home from school and pretend you walked in on me. I had very naughty thoughts in my bedroom that I couldn't get out of my head, no matter how hard I tried."

"Tell Daddy your fantasies. Don't be shy."

"In the bathtub, I pretended you were with me, pleasing my body and giving me duckies. My favorite thoughts were when you caught me masturbating and called me a bad Little boy. I have so many more I can share with you, but those are the ones I remember."

Sliding his palm between my legs, Salvatore rubs my balls through my briefs. "You're a naughty, naughty boy." He moves his fingers back and forth. "I didn't know you harbored such dirty thoughts about your Daddy so early on. That's something you shouldn't say out loud."

I spread my thighs. "I wanted it, Daddy." Throwing back my head, I buck into his palm. "They were silly schoolboy fantasies. I couldn't believe you'd ever want me or that you even knew my name."

My cock throbs in my undies as Salvatore presses his lips to my tummy, then kisses a trail to my shaft. He massages my rod through my briefs, then licks my quivering glans and bites it through the fabric.

"Sweet little Cove." Salvatore breathes on my dick as he dips his index fingers into my underwear band. "This cock's been hard for Daddy for a while, hasn't it. You jerked yourself off for *years* thinking about Daddy."

Oh. Fuck. The fact that Salvatore goes along with my dirty fantasy turns me on so much. I shift in front of him, getting closer as I will him to pull my underwear off.

"Yes, Daddy." Wriggling my hips, I squirm. "I touched myself so many times thinking of you. I watched online videos and thought about the Dads who came into the toy store, but they didn't do it for me."

A low, primal growl escapes Salvatore's lips as he trails his index and middle finger up my taint. "You attempted to find an alternative Daddy." Opening his mouth, he flits his tongue across my cock over my underwear. "You cheated on me, boy. You didn't realize it."

I whine and shake my head. "No, Daddy." I bite my lower lip. "I never fantasized about them. Only about you."

"Goddamn right." Salvatore growls as he squeezes my willy through my briefs, biting it. "You wanted to get your mind off the man you craved most of all."

I nod. "Yes."

"But you forgot one thing." Tilting his chin up, Salvatore stares into my eyes. "There's only one Daddy for you. No others on this fucking planet. Now that I've got you, there's no fucking way I'll let you go."

Salvatore tugs my underwear to my knees. My cock springs up, hard and achy. I glance down, blushing when I see my pink shaft quivering in front of his hands, shaking with need. Pre-cum pools at the tip, and a strand drips to the sofa cushions when he presses his thumb against my slit.

"Look at that." Salvatore's voice is a growl as he runs his digit across my glans, swirling it around the pink flesh. "Such a pretty virgin cock for

Daddy. Men in this city would fucking murder their mothers to put their hands on you. You don't know what you have."

A bolt of horniness shoots through me. "The junkies outside the Projects complimented me when I walked by with my stuffies! I never acknowledged them but they said sweet things!"

Rage flits across Salvatore's features. "Junkies?" he spits out, a vein bulging on his forehead. "They *spoke* to you?"

"They catcalled me."

"From now on, the only man who compliments you is your Daddy. That's it. If one fucking person on the street—if one fucking person in the USA—catcalls you, I'll kick their ass six ways to Sunday. You won't receive attention from any male except for me. You're *mine*."

Possessiveness.

It falls from Salvatore's mouth in spades, dripping with primal energy.

I stare into Salvatore's eyes, this same, beautiful man I've desired for so long, and force myself to stay standing. He not only wants me, but he's jealous. He'll go apeshit if another person gives me attention, and he won't rest until I'm completely his.

The fact that Salvatore claims me exclusively and refuses to share my beauty is something I didn't see coming. I was shocked when he wanted to get with me. But to say these things? Like he'll lose his mind if anyone else looks at me the wrong way?

It's a level of sexiness I've never experienced in my life.

I moan, hiding behind my palms. "I'm yours, Daddy." My dick quivers. "Your boy. Yours to do what you please with."

Salvatore spits on his palm, then wraps his fingers around my rod. He jerks me off, then looks into my eyes.

"Daddy… has been lonely for so many years." Salvatore runs his thumb on my shaft, tracing a delicate blue vein. "Give Daddy permission to suck your pretty cock."

I can tell Salvatore wants me so badly. His body language is urgent, greedy, packed with need. He'll blow a fucking gasket if he doesn't wrap his lips around my willy this second.

I try to think if I've ever had this effect on a man before. Sometimes, in the toy store, men looked at me funny, and I got the feeling they wanted to ask me questions about myself, but they backed away. Most likely, they didn't know how old I was, and didn't want to risk negative attention if I made a video about them online.

Salvatore's ferocity puts those pathetic Dads to shame. They were pansies, tiptoeing around the issue—which wasn't really an issue because I was over eighteen—but he takes matters into his own hands. He wants to suck my cock, and he refuses to let his trepidations stop him. He also asks for my consent, which is the cherry on top of the proverbial sundae of my desire.

"Do it, Daddy."

I bite my lower lip, ready to feel this man's mouth on my dick. I've fantasized about this for so long, the sensation of his lips on my rod. It's what I think about when I make love to Posy Roses, plunging into his fluffy body.

Now the big moment is here. The wonderful moment where Salvatore takes me between his lips for the first time.

Could a boy get luckier?

Salvatore dives on my cock. He gorges himself on my glans, getting it wet, grunting as he laps up my clear pre-cum. He cups my balls with his left hand, then forces my dick down his throat, gagging on my hardness.

A horny choking sound emanates from his mouth as he sucks me, driving deeper and deeper. He squeezes my ass, and I moan as pleasure surges through me, swirling around every inch of my body. Everything from my baby toes to the tips of my fingers burn, and I can't help but permit him to take control, sucking me like only a dominant Daddy can.

"Oh Daddy!" My voice echoes throughout the room, filling it with the sounds of my passion. "It feels so good, Daddy! So hot and wet!"

Salvatore massages my balls, giving way to a new sensation in my body. "Fuck yes." He removes my rod from his lips so he's able to speak. "This is what you get for coming to Daddy's Calabasas house. Blowjobs every second of the day. Daddy will make your cock so sloppy and wet you can't help but unload in his greedy mouth."

There are many amazing qualities about Salvatore that I love. But it's his filthy, perverted dirty talk that takes center stage in my mind.

I let out a moan, surrendering to his hot tongue once again, allowing his words to take me out to sea. I picture sleeping in Salvatore's guest bedroom, cuddling Posy Roses, letting him wake me with a morning blowjob. He wouldn't even need to pinch me or tap me on the shoulder before he does it. He can show me he adores me in his own way, making me spurt in my dreams.

A barrel of need rams into me. I glance down at Salvatore inhaling my shaft, his firm head bobbing up and down, growls tearing out of his mouth as he focuses on me, and try not to melt from the wonderful feelings bubbling up inside me. I fight to not let my knees buckle, not to crash to the fucking ground like a virgin who's never received a blowjob, but it's hard.

This is the man I've been attracted to—hell, the only man I've been in love with—in my life. This is my savior, the hero I pictured rescuing me from my garbage life, whisking me away from my gambling addicted mother, my evil father who hurt me, and the junkies living in the Projects.

My knight in shining armor is here.

Sitting in front of me.

His lips wrapped around my shaft, his nose pressed against my tummy.

His right hand is on my sack, massaging my balls to heighten the sensations in my body as he blows me. He focuses on my pleasure, giving me the most amazing first time he could.

"Daddy!" My voice is choked, and tears well in my eyes. "It feels so good, Daddy! I'm coming!"

Salvatore pulls my cock out of his lips. He swirls his tongue around my glans, before turning his eyes up.

"Come for me," Salvatore growls, moving his hands up and down my shaft. "Don't be shy. Daddy can't orgasm until he sees his sexy baby spurt before him. Daddy wants to unleash a big, juicy load, so you'd better pump that fucking jizz out."

Salvatore's filthy words are too much to take. With a cry, I unleash a shot of hot nectar into his mouth. It slams on his lips, before spraying to his chin and crashing to his arm, which is still between my legs. I let out a moan, my cock jutting out more shots, my entire body shaking, unable to believe what I did.

I've fantasized about this moment more times than I can count. Salvatore took my load like a veritable Daddy, clawing it out of me like no one ever could. He held my balls the entire time, squeezing hard to bring me over the edge, and now, standing here, with my spermies dripping from his mouth, he makes my dreams come true.

"Such a pretty boy." Ramming his right hand up, Salvatore flutters his tongue across his arm and slurps up my juices. "Tastes so good. Just like I pictured in my wet dreams. Giving Daddy a fucking heart attack."

My cheeks burn as I stare into Salvatore's eyes. "I'm shy, Daddy." I blush, then hide behind my hands. "You're eating my cummies."

Salvatore lets out a growl, then swirls his tongue around my cock head yet again. “Such yummy cummies. Don't blame Daddy. Any man would do this in this situation."

Silly Daddy.

I let out a laugh as I cling to Salvatore's neck. "Thank you." Fighting back the urge to cry, I hug my Daddy as hard as I can. "You gave me my first blowjob. I never dreamt it'd feel so wonderful."

Salvatore groans as he tilts my chin up. "You’re the wonderful one, boy. You gave yourself over to Daddy's stimulation like a fucking champ.”

I grin. "You make it easy, Daddy."

Stimulation.

I thought Posy Roses was enough. But now I realize he was only a replacement. True, life-changing passion only comes when a Daddy puts his mouth on his boy’s cock. That's the best feeling in the world.

Salvatore leans in and slams his lips on mine. I surrender, letting him take possession of me. His hot, wet tongue swirls between my cheeks, and bliss bubbles up within me as I return his kiss.

Salvatore smirks when we finish kissing. "I have a special place to show you, boy. Are you interested?"

I rock back and forth on my feet. "What is it?"

I think of so many things. It could be a bubble bath, like the Daddies in the books I read set up for their boys. Or a playroom filled with toys for me.

Salvatore grabs my hand. "Trust Daddy. Follow me."

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Chapter Fifteen

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Salvatore

COVE'S CUM ON MY FACE WAS A LIFE-CHANGING EXPERIENCE.

Seeing him react to a private movie theater full of candy and treats with Smurfs playing on the big screen turns me into a new man.

"Daddy," Cove shouts, leaping up and down as we enter the cinema. "You got blue gummies! This is amazing!"

Cove takes my hand, then tugs me toward the candies Charisse set out during my meeting with the municipality board. He bounces on his toes, so full of excitement he can barely speak.

I follow him into the room. "Patience, boy. You'll get your treats eventually. But you mustn't tug Daddy."

Seriously. I might be a fucking stallion in the sheets, sucking Cove's nineteen-year-old cock like a porn star, blowing him until he explodes, but I'm still in my forties. The last thing I need to do is trip over my feet because he's so excited.

"Hurry, Daddy." Cove squirms as he looks at me. "I don't want to miss the start of the movie! The very best part is when we meet Smurfette for the first time. I'll die if I don't see it."

Securing my grip on Cove's hand, I lead him to the plush red seats. The smells of gummy treats and fresh buttery popcorn wafts into my nose, and my stomach rumbles as we sit down. Draping my arm over his shoulder, I

pull him close to me like I'm in fucking middle school or some shit, stumbling over my feet, which is so goddamn crazy.

One look at Cove causes me to let out a groan of colossal proportions. Paris didn't feel this much when he stared into Helen of Troy's eyes for the first time. His green irises sparkle like emeralds, alive from the stimulation I gave him on the sofa. His downy, soft cheeks have a damp sheen to them, hinting at his satiated arousal.

Even Cove's hair, his floppy chestnut locks, which I swear to God I didn't touch while I blew him, stick up in a cowlick, taking years off his age and painting a Renaissance portrait of a prince waking up in his noble bed.

My cock throbs in my briefs, spewing a strand of pre-cum against my thighs. But I force myself to stay in control. Right now, I promised Cove a movie and treats, not a sex session. Animated movies speak to my inner protector, because I loved watching them with Azazel. They're aftercare, a way to take a boy out of horny headspace and bring him into Little space with his Daddy.

My other options were running a bubble bath like I desperately desired to do or taking him to my private playroom. Yet I only saw Cove naked for the first time today, so I figured a bubble bath was too much.

And the playroom? I know Cove will love it, but I plan to save that for a later date. Great Daddies keep their cards close to their chest, reserving plenty of surprises for their curious boys. I can't wait to see the look on his face when I show him the blocks and dollies I purchased for him.

"Boy." My voice is deep, sonorous. I motion across the room, pointing to the packages on the table. "Be a good lad and grab Daddy some blue gummy treats. Bring him popcorn as well. He's hungry."

A red tint seeps into Cove's cheeks. "Shouldn't you get the snacks?" He scratches his temple. "I'm the boy. You're the Daddy."

"And?" Clearly, Cove isn't aware how fluid Daddy/boy roles are.

Cove puts his hands on his hips. "Daddy's job is to make his boy happy. You must get the food so we have yummy things to eat."

Not. A. Chance.

I shake my head. "Daddy's belly's rumbling, sweet boy. He worked hard giving you your first blowjob, and his mouth wants popcorn."

"Ohhhhh." A look of realization dawns on Cove's face. "You want me to help you like you helped me. Is that what you mean, Daddy?"

I smile. "Return the favor by walking that sexy ass across the room and grabbing Daddy some grub. Shake those sexy little cheeks for me. If you hurry, Daddy will give you a special surprise during the movie."

Cove hides behind his hands. "You make it hard to disobey you, Daddy." He clenches his thighs together. "But that's not the only thing you make hard."

Tempting.

I reach out and seize Cove's member. "Someone can't wait to watch Smurfs with Daddy." Cupping his balls over his underwear—which is the one clothing item he's wearing after his blowjob—I squeeze his sack. "You wish to hear the Smurfs sing Britney Spears, don't you? It gets you excited?"

Cove wriggles his bum. "I'm waiting to cuddle with you, Daddy. That's why I'm horny."

"But don't get any funny ideas," Cove orders, exiting his Little persona for a moment. "I'm still Cove inside. Just because I showed you my wee, doesn't mean I'm putty in your hands."

Sliding off his seat, Cove stands up and rushes to the snack table. He selects two tubs of popcorn, extra treats, giant cups of soda, a fruit roll-up with silly animal print designs on it, a bag of Skittles, and places them in a red and white tub to bring to me.

He stares longingly at a package of pastries I bought, a yummy brand called Zebra cakes, which my friends in New York City love eating with their boys, but he doesn't select them. But then, as he pivots away from the table, he returns and grabs the two boxes of Zebra cakes and sets them in his bin, then turns to me.

As Cove hurries to our seats so he won't miss the start of the movie, I can't help but stare at him with appreciation. He… is unlike any boy I've ever met. His words let me know that his submission is a gift, not something to take for granted.

Yes, he allowed me to suck him off. Yes, he gave himself over to my experienced tongue. But he’s still the same spunky, strong-willed survivor he is when he's not in Little mode.

This boy's incredible.

In a way, he reminds me of myself before I began my successful businesses. Growing up with a violent father knocks the naïveté of life out of you. My last relationship didn't help, either. For years, I didn't want to give myself over to another man, because I was afraid he'd hurt me.

Cove shares my self-protective instincts. He has survival skills. We're both figuring this whole relationship thing out for the first time, and we need to take it step-by-step.

"I got treats, Daddy." A smile drifts across Cove's features as he sets the bin down in front of me. "This is the most sugar I've ever seen."

Letting out a snort, I pat Cove's back. "You did an excellent job, boy. I see all my favorite foods. I even glimpse two packages of Zebra cakes."

Cove blushes, then settles into his seat. "I've never eaten Zebra cakes before. I've passed them in the store growing up, but they were too expensive."

Cove's never consumed Zebra cakes? I stare at this beautiful boy, this precious angel, trying to fathom how he's never tasted this Olympian food. They were a staple of my childhood, the first dessert my mother bought when I was a boy.

I take a package in my hand. "Are you serious?" I peel back the cardboard. "These are the most amazing treats ever. They're little bites of heaven."

Cove shrugs. "My father banned sugar in our home. He said I was a loser unless I ate organic food and he beat that into my head from an early age."

"Snacks are also pretty expensive," Cove continues, twiddling his thumbs. "When I'm tempted to buy them in the store, I can't justify spending three dollars. I could grab hamburger helper with that money."

Unwrapping two pastries, I hand one to him. "Try." I place it in his palm, waiting to see what he does. "I promise they're yummy."

Cove picks up the Zebra cake, studying it intensely. His green eyes narrow at the white frosted coating, intertwined with black stripes. He sniffs it, before pulling it away from his mouth. Then, all at once, he slams it down the hatch and takes a huge bite.

Chomp.

"Oh my God." Cove's cheeks bulge like a baby lion. "This is so good, Daddy! I can't believe I've never eaten this before."

I raise my smart phone. "Say cheese, pretty boy. You look like the sweetest little cub with a fresh kill in the Sahara."

Cove's nose flushes pink as he flashes me a thumbs up. "*Cheeeeethe*."

The word comes out garbled, and I can barely understand what he says. It doesn't matter. Raising my thumb, I press the shutter icon and capture an adorable picture. His cheeks are stretched to the brim, and his eyes are wide. But the grin lurking at the corners of his mouth lets me know he's happy as hell.

"Swallow." Reaching into the bin, I select a bottle of lemon soda and hand it to Cove. "You bit off more than you can chew and you need a drink."

Cove swallows the Zebra cake, then washes it down with a swig of his drink. He lets out a tiny burp when he finishes, then hides behind his hands.

"Excuse my burp, Daddy!" Cove clears his throat. "That was *sooo* good. I'd definitely develop a health condition if I ate too many in one sitting."

Leaning over, I massage his back. "I'm glad to hear that, baby boy. Lots of Littles enjoy pastries in Little mode. Zebra cakes especially."

This gets Cove's attention. "Really?"

I nod. "My friends in New York love eating Zebra cakes with their sweet boys. Their names are Nikolai, Igor, and Timofey Antonov. They feed their partners these treats whenever they have slumber parties or play at Little Land."

Cove's eyes bulge. "You're joking."

I shake my head. "Nikolai loves taking his boy Christian to Little Land and playing in the stuffy pit with him. They eat unlimited bowls of ice cream and gorge themselves on Zebra cakes when Christian takes a break from running his successful dairy-free ice cream business. It's called *Dino Tracks*."

"Holy fuck." I can practically see Cove's head spinning through his pretty skull. "What's Little Land?"

I touch Cove's shoulder. "Little Land is an all-inclusive playroom in New York City. The Antonovs bring their boys there every chance they get."

Cove takes another sip of soda, then rubs his hands on his briefs.

At last, my angel turns his dazzling eyes up to me. "Do your friends ever need new playmates?" He rests his chin on my shoulder. "I've never played with other Littles before. Sometimes, I go on Reddit to find boys into my kink, but most of them just ask for naughty pictures so they can show their Daddies. It'd mean the world to me to make acquaintances into age play kink who're like me."

I stare into Cove's eyes and lose all semblance of reality. It's cute—no, fucking adorable—that he feels the need to pose this question to me.

Christian, Rowan, and Karter *constantly* look for new boys to play with. Nothing excites them more than leaping into the stuffy pit with their new buddies at Little Land. They especially love introducing boys to the bead painting station, where they "paint" stunning pictures of their Daddies.

I can already picture Cove losing himself in bead painting, crafting an amazing portrait of us. He's ostensibly talented, and he'd be a natural.

"Of course." Lifting my hand, I brush a strand of chestnut hair from Cove's cheek. "My friends and their partners are super accepting. They adore

meeting new boys, and they love spreading the joy of age play."

Cove sniffles. "Do you think they'd want to hang out with me?" His eyes turn blurry, and he inhales a deep breath. "I'm not the most normal boy, Daddy. I rub my willy in my stuffy and I live in the hood."

Something I can't place sparks in my gut. I tuck my hand behind Cove's neck, pressing him to my chest. I rock back and forth, holding he close, letting him know he's safe with me, that his desires are normal and that, even though he's afraid of what my pals might think, he has nothing to fear.

At *all.*

"Don't worry, angel." Lowering my head, I dust Cove's lips with a kiss. "My friends' partners enjoy stuffy kink, too. When Christian made love to Nikolai in his penthouse, Nikolai surprised him by dumping stuffies all over his body."

Cove blinks hard. "But did Christian put his willy inside the stuffies? I read about stuffy kink in a book once. I liked it when I tried it. But I think people will bully me if I speak about it."

This poor boy. The primary rule of any kink is don't yuck someone else's yum.

"Yes, boy." Dropping my hand between Cove's legs, I massage his soft cock. "Christian enjoys masturbating with stuffies, too. There's nothing wrong with it, it makes him feel good inside."

Cove giggles. "Bad Daddy." He kisses me again, losing himself in my lips. "We need to watch Smurfs. You'll make me horny."

Shaking my head in amusement, I remove my hand from between Cove's legs. "Christian, Rowan, and Karter would love to meet you, boy. How about we swing by Little Land after our vacation? I bet they'd show you hospitality and prove your desires aren't weird at all."

It makes sense why Cove's nervous. He's never practiced age play outside his own bubble before, i.e. his bedroom in the Projects. Aside from online message boards, he doesn't have acquaintances in the community. There's

no way to understand your sexual pleasures are fine unless you see others engaging in them.

I think about Christian and his friends at Little Land. Christian is super accepting, and he'll do a wonderful job including Cove in his group. My acquaintance Constantine Ferrari brought his baby boy Arlo to play with Christian last month, and Christian welcomed him with open arms.

I bet Christian will do the same for Cove.

Cove squirms beside me. "I'd love that, Daddy!" He giggles and takes another sip of soda. "I've never been to New York before. A trip to Little Land sounds perfect."

"Let's watch Smurfs now, pretty boy." I run my lips across Cove's, before kissing him another time. "And eat treats. You picked out so many fantastic ones, and Daddy's tummy's rumbling."

Cove hoists a Zebra cake into the air. "Try this, Daddy. I promise, it's good."

It's cute how Daddies think they control their boys. Anyone in a Daddy relationship will tell you the opposite is true. When a pretty boy, an adorable angel like Cove, precious and perfect in every way, airplanes a Zebra cake to your face and orders you to eat it, you don't ask questions, you don't pass go to collect two hundred dollars—you obey.

That's precisely what I do now.

Opening my mouth, I welcome the pastry between my teeth. Cove encourages me to chew, and I don't have a choice.

Lord, do I ever chew. I masticate this fucking Zebra cake like my motherfucking life depends on it, swallowing every bite. Flavor explodes on my taste buds, and I let out a groan as it carries me to sugar heaven.

I can't binge like this often, oh Christ, because I won't have my killer six pack. But a cheat meal with my boy? Where we consume as much delicious food as we please? *Perfect*.

"So good." I rub my belly. "That had… *oodles* of flavor."

Cove claps, bursting with laughter. "You said it, Daddy! You said the naughty word!"

I turn to Cove and slam my lips on his. I don't care that the movie is about to start or that my mouth tastes like Zebra cake. It doesn't matter that this kiss will make us both rock hard and probably give him more cummies.

At this moment, with our lips locked together, all I can think is that, for the first time since I broke up with my ex, I'm truly happy. Not the fake, fleeting happiness I get after closing a business deal or making millions of dollars from a new apartment. But a real, tangible happiness, one that sinks to the center of my soul. It'll last forever.

"Let's watch Smurfs now, boy." I pull away from Cove. "We don't want to miss the opening."

"Is this a good resting place for my hand?" Cove sets his hand on my lap, draping it over my shaft.

I order Charisse to start the movie. "Yes, boy. You can keep your hand on Daddy's hard willy."

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Chapter Sixteen

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Cove

One week later

"Oh my Gosh."

I stand in front of Kailua Beach in Honolulu next to Salvatore. The sand warms my feet, making me feel like a little pagan prince. Dipping my blue wand into the bubbles he bought, I lift it high and wave it through the air.

Ten enormous bubbles burst free from the tip of my wand. They float across the beach, popping above the deep cerulean ocean. Some are larger than my head, and others dwarf Salvatore's. One is as powerful as my body, the most enormous of them all, and I can't help but laugh as it explodes over a coconut tree.

Salvatore squeezes my palm. "Damn, boy. Look at that enormous bubble go."

Another bubble floats over our heads, before popping against the backdrop of the cloudless blue sky. An explosion of soapy water rains down on us, and I burst into laughter as I thrust my arms around him.

"Daddy!" I fight back a giggle as I wipe my damp hair on Salvatore's chest. "The bubble exploded on me, Daddy! It got me soaking wet."

"That's what she said." Salvatore smirks, then swats my ass with his palm. "Or more appropriately, that's what *he* said. *He* being my boy, of course… my sweet, Little boy who loves playing with bubbles."

A breath of wonderment escapes me as I turn to face Salvatore. I can't help but groan as I hug him. The smell of linseed oil washes through my nose, and I inhale like the greedy bitch I am. My Little side hijacks my control panel, and I feel itty-bitty and small.

"I love bubbles." My voice is soft as my body quivers with need. "You read me so well, Daddy. This is the perfect holiday activity."

Salvatore and I are on our vacation in Hawaii. Last week, I was stunned when he pulled out an enormous map and handed me three baby blue darts. He bought them for me, and told me to close my eyes and toss them.

I did. But not in the way he expected. My first throw missed the map entirely, and crashed into a garbage can on the far side of the room. That was definitely *not* in the plans.

My second landed smack in the middle of the Black Sea, where no land existed at all. I asked Salvatore what the rules were, but he said that was void, because he wouldn't be able to find a yacht rental on such late notice.

My last throw was the only one that worked. I scrunched my eyes shut, and chucked it at the map as hard as I could. Imagine my surprise when I opened my eyelids and saw it sticking out of Honolulu.

I squealed, burying Salvatore in a hug and telling him I'd never been to Hawaii before. As fate would have it, he had also never traveled to Hawaii, but he'd wanted to go for years. He fired up his private jet, packed Posy Roses in his suitcase, and took us across the sea.

Salvatore and I arrived in Hawaii the next afternoon. Now, we've been here for a week, and I never want this vacation to end.

Salvatore massages my back. "I'm so glad you enjoy bubbles, pretty boy. Azazel never did."

That's another thing about Salvatore that I adore. Every day, we've done one Little activity together to strengthen our bond. He hasn't had fun with a boy

in twenty years, and I've never had a Daddy, so we're discovering what we love side by side.

So far, I've adored playing with the wooden blocks Salvatore packed in his private jet, building kingdoms where knights in shining armor rescue boys locked in their father's guarded castles. I lost myself in Little headspace on the floor of the jet for hours, not even noticing when we arrived in Honolulu.

I was also smitten with the dollies Salvatore bought, so lovely and pink. I didn't think I was a doll boy in Little mode, thank you very much, many of the Littles on Reddit say they're for sissies. But I enjoyed the dolls, and I really liked dressing them in pretty dresses and pretending they're attending the Met Gala.

I named one of them Dolly Kardashian, a combination of the famous country singer we all know and love and the most famous family on Earth. I didn't enjoy finger painting as much, but that's only because my mother's old lady friends from my previous neighborhood trained me with brushes.

My favorite activity of all was bubbles.

Big. Beautiful. Bubbles.

Nothing in this world compares to the sight of an enormous, translucent bubble reflecting the rainbow sunlight and floating above my head.

It makes me feel like an ant, or a tiny mythical creature staring at a mystical aberration passing him by.

Fighting back a giggle, I press myself against Salvatore's chest. "Am I an asshole to say I'm glad?" I rub my palm on his abs. "Your ex-boyfriend was a jerk, Daddy."

Only a meanie pants doesn't appreciate bubbles.

Salvatore dips my wand into the bubbles and instructs me to wave it again. "That doesn't make you a jerk, angel." Dipping his hand down, he massages my lower back. "It means you're right."

A warm ocean breeze blows my hair over my shoulders. I close my eyes, inhaling the salty air, relishing the scorching sun on my skin. Salvatore applied sunscreen before we left our villa so the UV rays wouldn't hurt me, and I catch the faintest scent of high SPF sunscreen as I breathe in.

This is *amazing*. Vacationing with Salvatore. Truth be told, when I informed him I wanted to take a trip with him, I didn't know what he'd say. He's a self-professed workaholic, and he didn't get to where he is by taking breaks. He also informed me he'd blow a gasket if he couldn't work.

Salvatore surprised me in the best way. Not only did he agree to go on this excursion, but he hasn't worked once. He bought a special charging station for his phone, and left it in Calabasas before we hopped on the jet. I've enjoyed a wonderful week with my Daddy with zero electronic devices distracting us.

That's the problem with modern technology. You embark on a journey, but if you bring your phone with you, you're still connected to your old life. How are you supposed to break free from the iron constraints of Habit if you do the things you usually do abroad? You can't, that's the answer. That Salvatore intuitively understands this—and left his work in California—makes me so happy.

I look at Salvatore and feel my willy get hard again. Sweet mercy me, everything about this man is amazing. I reflect on the movie we watched together last week, and blush when I remember the yummy treats he gave me. I also recall how excited I got, and the way he slipped his hands between my legs and jerked me off when the Britney Spears song came on.

Never, ever in my life did I expect my first Daddy would understand my needs this well. Salvatore gets everything about me, from my stuffy kink to the hidden desires that lurk in my brain. He doesn't judge me, never laughs at me or calls me immature for what I enjoy. I figured my bedroom wants were unconventional because I've experienced trauma, but he doesn't care.

Perhaps that's why Salvatore and I get along so well. Perhaps we like what we like because our fathers screamed at us as boys. Or perhaps, without knowing why, the stars aligned that day he evicted me, and fate brought us together.

It's silly. But that's the explanation I prefer above all. No stupid trauma talk or scary things that happened in the past. The stars connected my Daddy and me, and I wish to be with him for the rest of my life.

"Thank you, Daddy." I draw a heart in the sand with my big toe. "I'd hate to sound like a jealous hyena who can't handle that you had a boy before me."

Salvatore grabs a handful of my behind. "Look at this tight little ass." His voice is a growl as he squeezes my booty. "My pretty boy's jealous, isn't he? He doesn't like that Daddy's been with another boy beside him?"

Fighting the urge to blush, I swoon into Salvatore's palm. "That's right. It's useless to deny it. I demand that you only be with me."

Salvatore's breath hitches as he drops to his knees. He takes my hand in his, then kisses my wrist.

"Sweet boy." Running his fingers up my arm, Salvatore holds me tight. "You never, ever have to worry about Daddy's past. Azazel is my ex-boyfriend for a reason. He lied to me and wasn't honest about his desires. I got over him a long, long time ago, and I hadn't thought about him in years until we met. Now, you're the only person I think of, perfect one. He can go fuck himself with an AK-47. You're the apple of my eye, the boy I bathe with kisses and cuddle every night. Nothing changes that."

I shake my head in disbelief, unable to process Salvatore's wonderful words. It's crazy that I was jealous, because I know he only has eyes for me. With him, I don't have to worry about any boy he's been with before. Like he said, he left his ex in the past for a reason.

"Thank you for your honesty, Daddy." Dropping to my knees, I join Salvatore on the sand. "I'm a little nervous because you're so far out of my league. I'm a broke nineteen-year-old who works three jobs to pay my mother's bills. You could have anyone you wanted, and also, I've never been with a man before you, so I'm clingy. But I understand you're not into your ex-boyfriend anymore, that he belongs in your past. I promise to trust you and not let my jealousy overtake me."

Salvatore snakes his right arm around my waist. "That's what I love to hear. I'm your Daddy. You're mine. Don't think of fantasizing about those Dads

from your toy store again."

Ha. Methinks Salvatore's jealous, too.

"The Dads from my store?" I keep my tone flirtatious as I drag my index finger down Salvatore's muscular chest. "It sounds like Daddy's the envious one now. Not baby boy."

Referring to myself in the third person isn't something I planned. But in this moment, sharing my truths with Salvatore, it feels so right.

Salvatore growls. "Daddy's jealousy is none of your concern."

A laugh twists out of my lips. "That's not how it works." Reaching down, I rub Salvatore's lower abdomen, then poke his dick. "If I can't be jealous, neither can you, Daddy. Trust is a two-way street."

Salvatore lets out a groan. "Daddies must be jealous to keep their boys safe from predators. There are many evil people out there who'd do terrible things to baby boy."

"You don't need to be jealous to protect me."

"Jealousy keeps my guard up. It helps me spot bad men from miles away."

I stare at Salvatore. A feeling I can't name wells up within me. Then I break eye contact, flitting my eyes across the beach.

Under palm trees, hot twenty-something-year-olds cuddle with each other in hammock swings, making out. In the distance, older couples sit under umbrellas, letting their feet dangle in the sun while the shade protects their upper bodies.

I peek around for small children. But the closest I see are teenagers sitting on their phones next to the resort pool.

A sick desire darts across my belly. Biting my lip, I place my palm on his member once again.

Salvatore glances down as I tug his suit to his knees. "What… are you doing, pretty boy?" His voice is rough.

I slide my index finger over Salvatore's lips. "Shhh. Special surprise, Daddy. No talking."

"This is wrong, boy." Salvatore grits his teeth. "There are… *people* here. They'll see you."

"No speaking." My voice is firm as I rub his cock, touching his meat stick. "I haven't tasted Daddy yet. This is the best time."

After glancing at the clusters of beachgoers again to make sure no small children are around, I return to Salvatore's member. He's uncut, and a yummy band of skin sits over his crown. I peel it back, marveling at the pink head that shines from beneath, soft and supple.

I bring Salvatore's dick to an erection, my balls burning as his cock grows. It sprouts in my palm like a flower, expanding from four inches to ten. I squeeze the tip, giggling as it gets smaller, then fills up. Tugging his foreskin, I marvel at the sight of his glans, giant and magnificent, like a king's scepter on a throne.

Opening my mouth, I plunge onto Salvatore's hardness. I swirl my tongue around his head, swishing it side to side. Gagging noises escape me as I slam his shaft into my tonsils, a strand of pre-cum seeping onto my taste buds. Salty, yummy excitement floods my cheeks, and I whine as I bob on his dick, going down on it with primal intensity, feeling it throb beneath me.

Cupping Salvatore's nutsack with my left hand, I suck him off from another angle, squeezing hard while I nibble his foreskin. I've read about this online, where partners bite their boyfriend's foreskins during sex, giving way to new sensations. The groan that escapes from his mouth lets me know I hit the nail on the head, and his heaving balls flood my tongue with even more pre-cum.

"Fuck." Salvatore threads his fingers through my hair. "Work those lips on my thick cock. Suck Daddy's dick. This is what you've wanted since you turned eighteen, isn't it, boy? You like being a naughty little fuck hole and doing things you shouldn't with Daddy."

I pop Salvatore's weiner out of my mouth so I can speak. "Yes, Daddy." A gasp escapes me as I jerk his shaft, twisting my hands up and down. "I'm a

naughty boy."

"Damn right you are." Salvatore rubs his shaft over my face. "Look at this enormous uncut cock on your pretty little mouth. You're too fucking innocent to suck cock, aren't you?"

My hair falls over my eyes. "Your cock is too big for me!" My asshole quivers as I gobble up Salvatore's pre-cum. "I don't know how it'll fit in my throat!"

Salvatore ruts his crown against my lips. "I guess we'll have to find out."

Gripping the back of my head, Salvatore takes control of the situation. Warmth bubbles up within me when he rams down my esophagus, fucking me with intensity. I yelp with sheer delight when he jackknives into me from another direction, scraping his tip along the roof of my mouth.

The delicious urge to cough wells up within me, and I give myself over to it without reservation, gagging like a demon fucktoy on his thick shaft. Tendrils of fire snake across my being, braiding into me, urging me to suck Daddy harder, to take his entire rod down my throat, to bottom out.

Opening my mouth as wide as I can, I pitch forward and slam my lips on Salvatore's abs. His cock lurches into my fucking esophagus, and he lets out a greedy groan as he face fucks me with unfettered abandon, pumping deeper and deeper, refusing to stop for anyone.

"Oh yeah." Salvatore's voice turns me into a bowl of melted ice cream. "That feels so good on Daddy's rod. I bet you didn't expect Daddy's willy to get so erect in his pants, isn't that right, angel? Does yours get as hard as Daddy's? I think fucking not."

Gasping for air, I tear my lips away from Salvatore. "No, Daddy." I lick his cock head greedily, swirling my tongue around his glans. "Only yours gets this big! You're so much bigger and mightier than me!"

Salvatore thrusts his hands between my legs. "Feel that excited thing." He grabs my dick. "Dripping wet because you're sucking Daddy off. I'd bet a million dollars you could nut right now, couldn't you, boy. All Daddy needs to say is the magic fucking word and you'll spurt all over the sand."

I nod. "Yes, Daddy. I'd give you so many cummies."

"*Come for me*." Salvatore's voice is firm. In control. "Bust your nut in Daddy's hand."

His unwavering command is all I need. Squeezing my thighs together, I let my orgasm flood his palm, screaming as I squirt three shots. Heat floods me, and I moan as I grind against his skin, seeking simulation. My cock is so different from his, so puny and small compared to his giant Daddy dick, it doesn't take long for me to bust.

Salvatore lifts his hand, then threads his fingers through my hair. He smears my cum into my roots, coating every inch of my scalp. Come drips down my forehead, getting into my eyes, but I clamp them shut and continue pleasing him.

It feels *amazing* to please Salvatore like this. I've had millions of fantasies about this man, but this real-life fucking is so much better. With a single motion, he takes me higher than Posy Roses ever has.

"Watch out." A growl climbs out of Salvatore as he plunges into my lungs. "Daddy's coming."

Salvatore unleashes seven shots of cum. One, two, three, four, five, six, *oh Christ*—he pumps out seven delicious spurts, each more powerful than the last. He scorches my esophagus with his load, and I scream in sheer ecstasy as he fills me up. His cum doesn't even linger between my cheeks, it rockets down my throat like an atomic bomb, inexorable, unstoppable, detonating in my tummy and filling me to the brim.

"Daddy." My voice is an indecipherable gurgle as Salvatore tears his cock out of me. "You filled me up so fast, Daddy."

Salvatore heaves me into his arms, kissing me with *everything* he has. He doesn't care that I'm full of his juices, or that he can likely taste his seed on my tongue. He doesn't give a shit that I'm so much more inexperienced than he is.

When he kisses me, it's like he sees me as his boy, his equal, his partner in every respect. He cares about me more than anything, and he'll fight until the end of time to keep me by his side.

"You did such a great job." Salvatore licks cum from my forehead. "Daddy's so fucking proud of you. You sucked his thick cock so well."

Giggling, I blow a bubble with his cum.

Pop.

"Did I do good, Daddy?" I gurgle the last of his seed in my throat, then smear his cum around my cheeks. "Did I make Daddy horny today? Does Daddy want to play with me again?"

Salvatore runs his thumb across my jaw. "You're amazing, pretty boy. No man in LA—hell, no one in this universe—compares to you. Now let's head into the waves and get you clean," he growls, smacking my ass. "This resort has cameras. We need to wash the evidence away before they ticket us."

I kiss Salvatore again. "Carry me into the water, Daddy. I'm your little mermaid."

Salvatore heaves me into his mammoth arms and brings me to the sea. As we plunge beneath the blue Hawaiian depths, I can't help but feel loved, appreciated, desired. For the first time in my life, I don't have to worry about a man hurting me or letting me down. He cares about me more than anyone, and I'm his precious boy.

Let's hope my father doesn't show up and fuck everything up.

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Chapter Seventeen

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Cove

THE BIG DAY HAS ARRIVED.

I blow out a breath as I tighten my grip on Salvatore's hand. We just returned from Hawaii, and I've never had more fun in my life. We swam with fish, played with dolphins, and even saw a live volcano spewing lava into the ocean.

That was the coolest part of the trip for me, hands down. I've never seen the Earth create land before, I thought it was something that happened underwater that only scientists monitored. But as Salvatore explained, this is how every continent on our planet came into being. Volcanoes emit lava from underneath the Earth's crust and create islands.

Truth be told, I'll never understand these scientific processes. Great as the lessons were, I was much more focused on spending time with my person… my wonderful *Daddy*.

But now we've returned from our trip and we have another task at hand. One that's intimidating, and even more important than our board meeting.

"Are you ready, boy?" Lifting his arm, Salvatore massages my lower back. "I can tell Christian to hold off until later. We can swing by a candy shop to get you something to munch on so you're in the mood."

My tummy rumbles at the mention of candy. I think of the wonderful Zebra cakes Salvatore and I ate in his private theater before our vacation, then fight a grin. Yes, I'd love some sugar to pump me up, and yes, it'd definitely

prepare me to meet Christian and his companions. But being friendless is something I don't want any longer.

"It's okay." Shaking my head, I lean into Salvatore's body. "I've wanted to make Little friends for years. Candy isn't what I need. I'd prefer to play."

Also, Christian and his buddies took off work for me. It's hard finding a spare moment to let loose when you run a successful dairy-free ice cream company, but Christian managed it. I refuse to let him down.

And also, Salvatore said Little Land has unlimited bowls of ice cream. Why would I go to a candy store when this playroom has everything I want?

Salvatore smiles and pats my bum. "I'm glad to hear that. Christian and his friends will be here any moment, and they're excited to meet you. Why don't we head inside to wait?"

"Wow." I turn to face Salvatore, then place my hands on my hips. "That's a… *great* idea. You're a genius, Daddy."

Threading his fingers through mine, Salvatore leads me into Little Land. We take two steps… but I nearly crash to the ground when I look at the wonderful surroundings.

Baby pictures and pastel colors line the walls as far as I can see. Toys sit in cubbies, ready for me to play with. Pop music emanates from cotton candy-colored speakers and makes me want to dance. I totally make out Dua Lipa's voice over the chatter of the employees.

In the distance, I spot a rectangular shape that resembles a swimming pool. Upon closer examination, I realize it's not filled with water, but stuffies. My heart skips a beat, and I rock on the balls of my feet as I look at the animals.

Bears. Unicorns. Dinosaurs. Princesses.

Little Land has *everything*.

Threading my fingers through Salvatore's, I tilt my head up. "Daddy." My voice borders on a whine, but I force myself not to sound too bratty. "Can I play?"

"Someone's excited to embrace his inner Little. Aren't you, boy?" Salvatore massages my palm. "You want to have fun with the stuffies?"

Nodding eagerly, I press my cheek against Salvatore's shoulder. Oh, if Daddy only knew how much I desired to regress right now! Everything in me burns to play with the cool items, and I'd sacrifice every blessing the gods bestowed upon me for the chance to leap into the stuffy pit.

"My Little is bursting at the seams to touch the stuffed animals." My voice is shy as I confess this. "Seriously, Daddy. I knew this place would be awesome, but this blows my wildest fantasies out of the water."

An employee walks over to us in a rainbow work uniform. "Hi." He has a cheery expression on his face, and I see his name in bright colors. *Connor*. "Welcome to Little Land. You must be here to play."

My cheeks flush pink. "I'm actually waiting for my friend Christian." Flexing my toes, I force myself to use my adult voice for this important conversation. "I haven't met him before, but he'll show up any minute with his buddies. We'll hang out together in the stuffy pit and eat ice cream."

A wave of disappointment washes over me. I sound silly telling Connor about my desire to let loose today. Connor undoubtedly deals with wealthy boys in New York all the time, and I'm a stupid kid from LA. Hell, if not for Salvatore, I'd never have heard of this magical place.

I feel like an outsider. I can't help but sense I don't belong.

Connor chuckles. "Christian's an excellent playmate." His eyes sparkle. "He's always here with his friends. They loved playing with rubber duckies in the hot tub and creating pictures at the bead painting station."

I furrow my brow. "Bead painting station?" Salvatore definitely didn't tell me about that.

Connor points to a kiddie table on the far side of the playroom. "See that?"

Squinting, I nod. "Yes."

"That's where boys paint pretty works of art of their Daddies. We have millions of glistening beads to choose from, and many Littles find it

relaxing during regression."

My eyes flit to the setup that Connor motions to… and I nearly trip over my damn feet. Oh sweet mercy. Buckets of tiny beads sit on the table and beckon invitingly. The station's close to the main window, and natural sunlight illuminates it.

Warmth bubbles up inside me. When Salvatore discussed Little Land with me, I thought it was simply a place to lose yourself in Little activities. I knew it had a stuffy pit and rubber duckies. But never in my wildest dreams did I think Little Land had a setup for me to explore my creativity, too. I've never tried bead painting before, I've only used a brush. I didn't love finger painting when he showed me it in Hawaii, but that was because I'm used to holding something in my hands.

Bead painting is different. I've read about it online before. On Reddit, Littles say they enjoy creating magical princess pictures and sharing them with their Daddies. If they don't have Daddies, they hang their creations on their bedroom walls and pretend they have Daddies to compliment them. It's the sweetest.

I steal a glance at Salvatore and giggle. This is *exactly* the thing I need to get into my comfort zone. I might not've come here without him, and I might be poorer than the usual clientele, but I'll make my Daddy a damn good painting.

Bead painting is a great equalizer.

My mind travels through ideas for my art, each one wackier than the last. I imagine a scene where Salvatore and I stand in front of an active volcano, watching new Earth form. Or snorkeling underneath the ocean, witnessing millions of beautiful Hawaiian fish nibbling at coral reefs. There are so many options to choose from, and I'm not sure how to pick my favorite.

But I don't need to decide on one yet. Right now, I must focus on preparing to meet Christian and his friends.

I open my mouth to respond to Connor. But I've barely said his name when three blurs of light push through the entrance door and rush inside.

"Hey, Connor." A blond boy in coveralls with a cartoon dino T-shirt underneath embraces Connor in a hug.

"Hi, Rowan." Connor returns the boy's embrace.

Rowan grimaces. "You're not mad at me after what I did last week, are you?" He removes his backpack from his shoulders. "I was a naughty boy. I thought you'd ban me from Little Land for good."

Connor chuckles as he helps Rowan set his backpack aside. "I'm a Little myself, dude. I understand the urge to whip out my willy when I'm in Little mode."

"You didn't report me to your manager?" Rowan rubs his palms on his adorable khakis with palm trees. "You blew your whistle at me quite loudly. I almost went deaf, you know. I thought you never wanted to speak to me again."

"Hell no." Connor shakes his head. "Reprimanding naughty boys is my job. I didn't want to do it, but you gave me no choice."

"Well, that's a relief." Rowan chuckles, then brushes a strand of hair from his temple. "Thanks for explaining."

"I'm glad you came back this week. I thought you'd stay at home after our fight."

Rowan pulls a juice box out of his backpack. "Me?" He cocks an eyebrow at Connor. "You think I'd be able to resist the allure of Little Land?"

Connor runs his fingers through his hair. "I guess not. You and your friends are regulars here. I should've known you'd be back."

One boy turns to look at me. His jaw drops as he marches over and takes my hand in his.

"Guys!" The boy's voice is boisterous. "Quit screwing around with Connor. We have a new friend!"

I study the boy shaking my hand and recognize him at once as Christian. Bright blue eyes shine from beneath a tuft of floppy blond locks, illuminating his innocent yet devilish features. His skin is soft, and it

doesn't look like he has any facial hair at all. His body is thin, and the T-shirt he wears barely conceals his lanky arms.

I peer down and spot the adorable *Dino Tracks* ice cream shop logo on his chest. It takes everything in me not to crave a big bowl of strawberry with sprinkles. Oh yeah, this is Christian all right. If first impressions are any sign, he'll make a wonderful friend.

The two other boys with Christian leave Connor and rush to my side.

"Oh my Gooosh." Rowan grabs my free hand. "You must be Cove. Our Daddies Nikolai, Igor, and Timofey told us about you."

"I'm Karter." The third boy with duckies on his T-shirt pats my back. "This is Rowan and Christian. Did you come with your Daddy Salvatore?"

I stare into Rowan's eyes and resist the urge to thrust my arms around him. Wow… these boys are *so* pretty. Christian, Rowan, and Karter look like something out of *Twink Magazine*. I glance at my colorful shorts, skinny thighs, and bunny T-shirt that Salvatore purchased for me, and fight like hell not to succumb to my insecurities.

I have no reason to be nervous. For Christ's sake, I'm the exact same as these boys, except for my chestnut hair. I'm here to play today, to lose myself in as many activities as I can. We're all ready to have a blast, and if what Connor told me is true, Christian won't judge me. He wants a playmate. They won't mind that I've lived in tenements for the past five years.

Shyness overtakes me. "Yes." Turning around, I rest my head against Salvatore's chest. "My Daddy and I got back from Hawaii yesterday and he brought me here. He said I'd love letting my inner Little out and meeting new friends."

This is as true as it gets. Salvatore did say these things, and he encouraged me to get out of my comfort zone. But deep down, he's not the main reason I'm here. When he told me about Christian in his private movie theater, I wanted to travel to New York with all my heart. I've never had Little friends. There's nothing lonelier than a Little playing by himself.

Christian squeals and bounces up and down. "I'm glad to hear that. We have a *phenomenal* schedule full of activities we can't wait to show you."

Karter slinks his arm around my shoulder. "Do you like stuffies?" He cocks an eyebrow at me. "The stuffy pit is free, but it might not be all afternoon. There's another party coming in five hours, and they could hog it."

I take it that laying claim to the best facilities is part of the process. Gosh, I'd hate to be the reason we didn't leap into the stuffy pit before the next group arrived.

"I love stuffies." My cheeks flush pink as I hide behind my hands. "I have a stuffy named Posy Roses. He's a baby bunny who helps me get through tough nights."

Christian presses his hand to his heart. "My stuffy Cuddleofagus assists me with scary things, too. He was there when vicious mobsters kidnapped me and tried to murder me. I'm sometimes a little kinky with him, but that's only because he's been there for me since day one."

Wait. Hold the phone. My eyes tick up, and I tremble in my socks. Did Christian say… he's *kinky* with his stuffed animal?

I know I didn't just hear that.

"Are you into stuffy kink?" I blow out a breath, trying not to sound too hopeful.

Christian flashes me a thumbs up. "I sure am. I adore when my Daddy uses stuffies on me in bed."

Karter grins. "I also like stuffy kink, too. My ducky stuffy named Rosy is my closest companion. I put my dick inside her when I ride in my Daddy's super yacht."

My jaw drops to the ground. I stare at Karter, Christian, and Rowan, and shake my head in disbelief. Then I look at Salvatore, and resist crashing to the floor.

Salvatore was *right* about my new friends. They engage in Little activities like me. They don't have any reservation about their stuffed animal hijinks,

and they treat it as if it's any other kink. It warms my heart that I'm not a freak, that Christian, Rowan, and Karter enjoy the same things I do.

Acceptance. It's a weird thing. You don't realize you need it until you have it. These boys will accept me for who I am, and I can tell they'll be wonderful friends. I'm so excited to play with them today and get to know them.

"I like stuffy kink, too." I twiddle my thumbs. "Posy Roses is more than my comfort animal. He stood in for my Daddy back when I didn't have one."

"That's my boy." Rowan lets out a laugh. "You'll fit in just fine."

"Come on." Christian pries me away from Salvatore, slinking his arm around my waist. "Let's leap into the stuffy pit."

I turn to face Salvatore. "My friends want to have fun with me, Daddy. Is that okay?"

Salvatore issues me a nod. "Of course, angel. Let loose with your friends. I'll discuss business with Nikolai, Igor, and Timofey while you're gone."

"But you'll watch me, right, Daddy?" Shifting my leg, I curl my toes. "You'll make sure I don't endanger myself or trip on a stuffy?"

This is my biggest concern. There'd be nothing more embarrassing than falling flat on the floor because I toppled over a rogue stuffed animal.

Salvatore kisses my cheek. "Daddy will watch you every step of the way. Don't be afraid, boy. Have fun with your friends."

Blowing Salvatore a kiss, I take Christian and Rowan's hands in mine and skip toward the stuffy pit. I giggle uncontrollably, warmth blazing through my chest as I prepare to let my adult side go.

This is the moment I've waited for. For the first time in my life, I get to experience what it's like to have Little friends.

In high school, I was always the odd one out. No matter how many times I tried to speak to the other students or help them with their homework, they wanted nothing to do with me. Even in junior high, my business didn't help me become popular. People poked fun of me for being a geek.

Now, I belong. It's a long time coming, and I wish it would've happened sooner. But I'm excited to make new friends. Screw everyone who bullied me and made me feel different. Today's the day I embrace my true self.

"Don't be a slowpoke." Karter winks at me as he teeters on the edge of the stuffy pit.

"Be careful." Rowan shoots a glare at Karter. "Last time, you bumped your head on a heart plushie and cried until your Daddy heaved you into his arms. We don't want more accidents today."

Karter sniffles. "Don't remind me. I had the biggest bruise on my noggin, and it took ten whole kisses from Daddy to make it better."

Christian secures his grip on my hand. "Last one in is a rotten dinosaur egg."

"Dinosaurs don't lay eggs, silly." Rowan picks up a stuffed dino. "Magical unicorns bring them babies from the sky!"

"One—" Karter begins.

"Two—" Christian continues.

"*Three*."

We leap into the pit. I let out a laugh as I crash into the sea of stuffed animals, feeling them on every inch of my skin. A well of warmth opens around my body, making me so Little and small.

Christian, Rowan, Karter and I have a pretend fight. We pick up stuffies and chuck them at each other and begin a game called *End of the World* where we pretend like we're the last dinosaurs on Earth and we need to compete for the remaining food before the asteroids hit.

After our battle, we head to the hot tub to play with rubber duckies. Karter visibly melts as he splashes in the bubbles, and Rowan tells me he has a real ducky named Peter Kwaks-A-Lot he takes everywhere he goes. I really want to meet Peter, and I can't help but regress into my special headspace.

We're stark naked when we exit the hot tub and head to the dance floor. Christian informs me this is a recent addition to Little Land, an activity they

put in the previous month. Pink and blue lights sparkle when we stomp, and we all laugh as we wiggle to the latest pop hits. Rowan does the splits, and we cheer and congratulate him when he gets up without injuries.

When we finish our dance party, which is the best thing ever, we change into fluffy onesies and hurry to the last station of the day. The bead painting station. My heart swells as I glance at the buckets of beads overflowing out of their containers. Translucent pens wait for us to paint with, and my artistic side bubbles inside me.

After sitting in the kiddie chairs, we create beautiful pictures for our Daddies. Connor brings out unlimited bowls of ice cream. My flavor is strawberry, and I feel like a pink princess when I slide my last bead onto my painting.

Oh. My. *Gosh*.

I can't believe my eyes after I apply protective coating to my masterpiece. This… is wonderful. I depicted Salvatore and I riding sea turtles under the ocean in Hawaii. Each of the aquatic reptiles is bright green, and the smiles on their faces complement the remarkable time we're having.

Salvatore places his hand on the small of my back. "That's beautiful, boy. You're such a fucking great artist."

I stare into Salvatore's eyes… and lose myself in his hazel depths. Man oh man. He just complimented me. He praised my artistic abilities, making me feel like the most talented boy on this planet.

Threading my fingers through Salvatore's, I dust his lips with a kiss. "I'm so lucky you're my Daddy. Thank you."

"Did you have fun with your friends today?" Salvatore's hand migrates down my back as he cups my ass.

I hug Salvatore as hard as I can. "My pals are the best in the universe. I appreciate you bringing me here, Daddy."

For the first time in my life, I belong. It's all because of Salvatore.

Salvatore grins. "I'll hang your painting next to your portrait of Posy Roses when we get home. Our plane leaves tomorrow morning."

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Chapter Eighteen

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Salvatore

MOONLIGHT SEEPS THROUGH THE CURTAINS AS COVE RESTS HIS HEAD ON MY chest.

We're in Calabasas after our busy vacation, and we're both taking it easy. The past week has been a whirlwind, and we packed each day with more excitement than the last.

I never dreamt I'd see lava flowing into the ocean. Hawaii's been on my bucket list for an exceptionally long time, but the timing was never right. I was always too busy with work, finding new ways to set up apartment complexes, burying myself in my accounts.

Leave it to my baby boy to show me I wasted *years* being a workaholic. Life is so much better when you throw off the constraints of Time and Habit and give yourself over to playful fun.

I run my thumb over Cove's cheek, touching his buttery soft skin. He’s the sweetest angel in the world, and I'm lucky as hell he's mine. Our trip to Little Land last week proved that.

When Cove lost himself in play, I was overjoyed. Three months ago, I didn't think I'd spend time with a Little again. Not after Azazel broke me in two.

But seeing Cove with his friends, watching him express his true self, opened a new world within me. All I wanted to do was support him in everything he does. I desired to hang his angel's sea turtle painting above

the mantle next to the picture of Posy Roses and shower him with compliments every hour of the day.

I don't know what I did in this life to deserve Cove's blessing. But I'm grateful the gods smiled down upon me. My peanut butter cup is the most precious human in the universe. I'm a lucky bastard that he's mine.

Pushing my hand down, I peel back the blanket covering Cove's beautiful body. A groan escapes me as I expose his slender hips, creamy in the moonlight. His heart beats in his rib cage, and I run my index finger across his tummy, before poking his chest.

Cove's soft cock sits between his legs, cut and gorgeous. I've never been with a circumcised man in my life, all my partners had foreskins like me. His dick has a charm I can't deny, one that fires up my need.

Lust crashes through me. Fuck, I'd love nothing more than to cup Cove's cock and balls in the moonlight, to please him. I'd adore if he yawned, turned his half-lidded eyes up to me, and whispered that he wanted me to draw a big orgasm out of him.

But I'm not the type of Daddy to touch Cove while he's sleepy. If I suck him off tonight, it'll be because he's awake enough to consent.

A yawn fills the room, distracting me from my musings as Cove lifts his head and directs his gaze to mine. "Hi, Daddy."

Trailing my fingers across his cheek, I brush a lock of chestnut hair from his ear. "Hey, beautiful boy." I run my thumb along his jaw. "You're so fucking pretty when you're sleeping. Do you know that?"

Cove fights a smile. "It's because of you, Daddy." Rubbing his cheeks, he rests his chin on my chest. "You're the best Daddy in the world. You make me feel so safe."

I caress Cove's cheeks, touching his velvety skin. God knows why, but this boy lights me up inside more than anyone I've met in my life. The troubles I experienced as a boy with my abusive Dad fade to the wings when I'm with him, and all I can focus on is the man he transforms me into.

I'm still a vicious mobster. *That* will never change. But around Cove, I unlock the sensitive side I lost when my father threw glass bottles at the wall. I no longer need to construct fences around my heart to prevent anyone from getting in.

Cove's the boy for me.

Cupping Cove's chin, I trail my index finger across his cheek. "I'm glad to hear that, angel." I poke his jawbone. "Daddy always wants to make you feel safe. He won't put you in danger."

A second yawn slips out of Cove's lips, this time more adorable. Running his thumb around my right nipple, he buries himself even further into my chest.

"That's what I like about you." Cove's whispered voice is barely audible over the breeze blowing in through the window. "My Dad could show up but you'd force him away. Nobody can hurt me. He could send men to abduct me but you wouldn't let them in."

I nod. Like a warrior. Like this isn't the most touching statement I've heard.

Cheesy as it sounds, Cove's right. I *would* kick his Dad's ass or even end his life if he dared show up to my house. Fuck if he pleaded or begged for mercy. I'd inform him the damage he inflicted on Cove was too great and make him pay.

Sick, twisted fantasies build in my gut. Oh, how I'd love to get Cove's father's address and enter it in my encrypted GPS. I'd wear tactical gear and bring my best men with me so no one would see.

Under the protective shield of the night, I'd creep into Cove's Dad's room and grab his throat while he slept. I'd cut off his breathing, then make him pay for the shit he put Cove through.

I calm myself down. These revenge fantasies aren't productive for my new relationship. As sexy as Cove thinks I am when I'm vicious, he needs a sweet, gentle Daddy. He told me as much in the limousine I hired to take us to the airport when we left New York.

"You make me feel like my past never happened, Daddy. I'm the boy I used to be before my father put me through hell."

It's wonderful that I changed Cove's life and helped him open up. I'm not naïve—we both need therapy to get through our pasts, because healthy kink relationships only go so far in repairing the damage abusive people inflict. But I've mapped a path for him to heal. I'm proud of my angel for trusting me. It won't be easy, but we'll reach the end of this journey soon.

Baby steps.

“I appreciate that, pretty boy." Gripping Cove's chin, I stare into his eyes. "I was a broken man before I met you. My father hurt me and my ex-boyfriend crushed my heart. I figured I'd never find true love again. You changed me, sweet angel. Not once during this week have I thought about my past trauma. You tell me I protect you, but the truth is you rescued me. I'm a better man with you in my life. Thank you for taking a chance on me, for being the boy I didn't realize I needed."

Cove's eyes well with tears. "Damnit, Daddy." He lets out a quiet laugh. "You know exactly what to say to make me tear up. I'm a blubbering mess."

Running my palm down Cove's back, I massage his tender skin. "Cry." I nuzzle his nose, eager to feel his flesh on mine. "Let it out. I’d fucking burst into tears, too, but I need to be strong to support Baby Cove. I’ll make sure you never experience scary moments again."

I never speak this way. If I'd seen a recording of this night six months ago, I'd have told anyone who saw to go fuck themselves and strangled them with their balls.

But Cove changes me. He makes me feel it's okay to be my true self, to access my emotions. I don't worry about putting up a toxic front or pretending to be the vicious man I am on the streets. With him, I'm the caring man I've wanted to be for so long. Accessing my sweet side is easy when I'm with my baby boy.

Cove sniffles as he rubs his nose on mine. "You can cry, too, Daddy." He dusts my cheek with a kiss. "There's nothing wrong with showing emotions. Even if you're in the mob."

I let out a sigh. It's time to show Cove what I'm capable of. Mustering up the courage, I let a tear out of my left eye.

A grunt escapes me as I tilt my chin up. "See that, boy?" I bat my eyelashes at Cove. "I shed a tear. Now you know I experience affection."

Cove studies my tear, then nestles into my chest. "That's what I like. Daddy is big and strong on the battlefield when he's protecting me from my father, but with Baby Cove, he shows his heart."

Passion wells up within me, taking over my control panel. I try to think of what deed I did in the past to deserve this, what noble gesture I performed. But I can't. Cove makes me feel like I could save a man leaping off a building or rescue a kitty about to walk in a busy street.

All I know is that, with Cove, I experience a love so pure and true it puts even the most magnificent classical myths to shame. Romeo and Juliet, or their Ovidian predecessors, Pyramus and Thisbe, could fucking never have what we have. I'd like to see Shakespeare craft a play that held the smallest candle to our flame.

I press my mouth to Cove's forehead. "You're damn right I do." I rub my lips back and forth. "I give all my heart to you. There's nothing that'll stop me, not even my most vicious enemy breaking into this room on a fucking zip line. I'd knife them in the motherfucking gut and then return to cuddling you."

I’m brusque as fuck. But my caveman side gets the point across, because Cove knows it comes from my heart.

He stares into my eyes. Before I realize what he's doing, he dips his hand to my waist, cupping my midsection.

"Oh Daddy." Cove's whispered voice captures my attention as he wraps his fingers around my length, tugging my foreskin back. He runs the delicate pad of his thumb across my cock head, taking his time to stimulate me. My glans is sticky with pre-cum, but I can tell that only excites him more.

I run my digits through Cove's hair. "What is it, sweetie?" Keeping my breath study, I focus on relaxing him. "What are you doing under Daddy's blanket?"

Sinking his teeth into his lower lip, Cove swipes his thumb along my shaft. "I left my favorite toy under your covers last night, Daddy. I'm searching for it before you fall asleep."

Ohhh. This devil is *naughty*.

I dig my fingers into Cove's chin. "You can't come into Daddy's room past eight o'clock, boy. Good boys go to sleep at this hour. What if it was Christmas Eve and Santa was coming down your chimney? You'd lose your presents."

Last week, Cove confessed he's never experienced a real Christmas. His father was hungover most mornings and his mother couldn't afford to play Santa Claus. I took him on my knees and promised to give him everything on his wish list when December rolled around. Sitting on Santa's lap was a big fantasy of his, and he didn't mind if I got naughty.

Cove sniffles. "I'm sorry, Daddy." He hides his pretty gaze from me. "I know you told me to sleep. But I *really* want my toy. I left it here. I need to look a little longer."

I swipe my tongue over my lower lip. "Where did you leave it, boy? Be specific."

"Here, Daddy." Cove turns his forlorn eyes up to me as he rubs my cock. "Between your legs."

"What color was your toy?" I buck into Cove's palm, rubbing myself on his fingers. “Remember for Daddy. He can't help you unless you tell him."

"It's pink, Daddy. Shaped like a banana. It has a yummy tip that gushes candy."

"Go on, boy."

"I can't, Daddy." Cove sniffles. "My toy is your willy. I need to suck it, please."

I tilt Cove's chin up. "That's what I was waiting for, boy. Every time we role play, be direct. If you need to stop, use your special word we discussed on the airplane.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Now put your mouth on Daddy's shaft. Wrap your lips around my thick cock and make me come."

With a hungry moan, he plunges on my dick, taking it between his cheeks. He cups my balls with his left hand, fondling the two aching orbs, squeezing them as he swirls his tongue around my glans.

Fuck. Double fuck. Double fuck with a shot of espresso.

Nothing on Earth feels as good as Cove's mouth on my dick.

A lusty grunt escapes my lips as Cove takes my hardness deep as fuck, exactly like he did when we were in Hawaii. His tongue is hot and wet, and the back of his throat is fucking heaven to me. Pre-cum seeps out of the tip of my shaft, dripping onto his chin.

“Fuck yeah, boy." Licking my palm, I bring it down on Cove's ass. *Smack*. "That's how you please your Daddy, baby, isn't it. Isn't this how you make Daddy's cock spurt candy.”

Cove tugs my dick out of his mouth. "Yes, Daddy." Horny moans escape him. "I want to see the candy! It's what I fantasize about with Posy Roses!"

"No talking." My voice is a growl. "Keep sucking my fucking cock. Yeah, Daddy's going to make you his cum slut tonight. You like that, don't you, boy? You're Daddy's horny little fuck toy he uses for his pleasure. Don't think Daddy won't get you off, too. Daddy remembers you asked about ass play last week. Spread those sexy virgin cheeks."

Five days ago, Cove confided in me that he's ready to give me his virginity. It was part of our initial agreement, what he pledged when I met him in the Projects. I told him I refused to use the word *bargain* anymore, because what we have transcends any ridiculous sex arrangement. I'm fingering him tonight to get his juicy ass ready for my cock.

Cove moans as he slams his face back on my willy. As he sucks me like a horny bunny in heat, I spit on my middle finger and bring it between his cheeks. Wriggling my digit, I prod his entrance, touching every inch of his

rosebud. The smell of his sex wafts up around me, and I groan as need overtakes me.

Anal is something Azazel wasn't into. The few times we engaged in it, he said he didn't enjoy bottoming because he felt too submissive. I was confused, because he told me he was into passive activities. I attempted to bottom for him, but that's not how God fucking made me. Sometimes, I fucked boys at the kink club I attended, but they didn't turn me on because they weren't my serious partners.

My fingers slide into Cove's hole effortlessly. His body bucks, shaking as I probe his depths, feeling his untouched flesh. No one's been inside him before, and he confessed that he's never even used a dildo.

This is virgin bussy. Pure, innocent nineteen-year-old boy pussy. I'm the Edmund Hillary of Daddies. I'm the first motherfucking man to plant his flag in this hole.

"Yeah, boy." My middle finger glides in and out of Cove's asshole, making filthy squelching sounds. "Such a tight little ass for Daddy. You've saved this for years, haven't you, boy?"

Cove pops my dick out of his mouth so he can speak. "Yes, Daddy!" He moans. "I'm all yours! I didn't even put my finger in my butt in the bathtub because I was waiting for you!"

"Naughty little fucker." I grind my digit into Cove's hole, loosening his channel. "How many times did you fuck Posy Roses thinking about my cock in your hole? I bet you spurted hundreds of loads in his soft bunny fur. You probably impregnated him."

"I gave Posy a baby girl, Daddy!"

This boy will be the death of me. Every word he says, no matter how innocent on the surface, packs a devilish side that lights my meat stick up to no end. I let out a groan as I ravage his mouth, feeling his tight hot cheeks swell around me.

My length bottoms out at Cove's tonsils. He doesn't give a fuck, sucking me off furiously, pumping like a jackrabbit in heat. He squeezes my balls, then rubs himself on my blanket, grinding his pretty cut cock on my mattress.

My fingers find purchase in Cove's hair and I let out a mammoth groan. This boy is my fucking life. A damsel in distress on the surface, but so fucking fierce underneath. His lovemaking proves that, the way he sucks me, the forbidden manner in which he speaks. Everything about him is pure temptation. I'm the luckiest man in the world because I'm his Daddy.

Grabbing Posy Roses, I thrust him under Cove's legs.

"Pump your nut into your stuffy." I don't speak twice. I tell Cove exactly what he needs to come, no more, no less. If he doesn't obey me, there will be consequences. *Unfathomable* consequences.

Cove gasps as he tears his mouth away from my rod. "Yes, Daddy. Posy wants my load."

Adjusting his body, Cove glides his rod between Posy's legs. His pink cock protrudes from his stuffy's fur. A blue vein strains against his shaft, and his balls rise to his taint.

I lose my fucking grip on reality when a strand of pre-cum squirts out of Cove's cock and seeps into Posy Roses. Fuck, I don't know why this is so sexy or why this turns me on, but I'm into it. Something about the sight of this smooth vixen bucking into his stuffed animal as he grinds against my finger in his ass lights me up like a firework on the Fourth of July.

Plunging into Cove's gaping mouth once again, I face fuck him with wild abandon. Nothing, not even an asteroid, can stop us from achieving our mutual bliss. He humps his stuffy as I grind between his lips, rutting hard to bring out my orgasm. I could bust any fucking second just looking at him. He doesn't have to do any work at all.

Cove scrunches his face together as he lets out a moan. "Daddy!" He removes my cock from his mouth to speak. "Tingles in my willy! Can't fight them off!"

Cove's dick shakes between Posy's legs. His glans swells, and a second spurt of pre-cum dribbles into his stuffy's fur.

This is it. My beautiful, dirty boy needs his release *now*. Gripping Cove's chin, I stare into his eyes. "Come for Daddy." I rub my shaft on his lips. "Let those tingles take control. Daddy wants to see what you do to Posy."

My naughty words are too much for Cove. With a cry, he unleashes in Posy Roses, busting out ten massive shots of white cum. His body bucks, and his ring clamps down around my fingers, throbbing uncontrollably as strings of his juice spurt between his legs, plastering Posy with primitive abandon.

I let out a growl and plug Cove's hole with a third finger, using my free hand, then direct my shaft toward his lips yet again, smacking it against his tender flesh.

Not even an atomic bomb could stop me the moment I spray a colossal stream against his lips, nose, cheeks. My emissions cover every orifice on his face, plugging his holes.

Cove screams as he opens his mouth, swallowing every strand he can. He looks like Casper the motherfucking Horny Ghost as white spunk tumbles off his chin, cascading to the sheets below.

"You came on me, Daddy." Cove's asshole throbs. "I can't believe it. That felt so good!"

Pride wells in my chest as I rub my seed out of Cove's eyes. This boy took my load so well. He didn't freak out once.

Heaving Cove into my arms, I kiss him hard. I swirl my tongue around his mouth, laying claim to every inch of his perfection. Apollo could come down in his golden chariot and order us to stop, but I wouldn't give a fuck.

Hell. Knowing my crazy ass, I'd shoot Apollo in the fucking face and bury his body where the Olympian gods couldn't find him. No one, not even ancient Greek deities, can take Cove from me.

Patting Cove's bum, I press him against my chest like a baby. "Let's head to the bathroom, sweet boy. Daddy will run you a bubble bath."

Cove turns his gaze up to me. "You mean it?"

I slam my lips on his. "Yes." Leaning back, I stare with pride into Cove's eyes. "I'll scrub every inch of my cum off your body."

"May I have duckies?"

"You bet your ass you can."

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Chapter Nineteen

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Cove

I'M. THE. LUCKIEST. BOY. IN. THE. WORLD.

I sink beneath the bubble bath, letting the warm water wash over me. I'm floating after my lovemaking session with Salvatore, and my body is somewhere in the clouds. The only part of me that stings is my asshole, but that'll go away quickly.

I'll take a teeny-weeny amount of pain as a mark of pride. It shows that I put myself out there, tried something new, and opened up for my Daddy.

I was concerned Salvatore didn't bring up ass play before we climbed into bed tonight, but I shouldn't have worried. The moment he wriggled his middle finger into my hole, I knew he wouldn't let me down.

Blowing bubbles, I rise to the surface, then wipe the remaining cum out of my hair. A lustful giggle escapes me as I shake water from my eyes, thinking about the insane swimming pool's worth of seed he shot on my body.

Salvatore's a strapping guy, packed with muscles all over his figure. He's tall, dark, and handsome, hence why he's the sole object of my wet dreams.

But even *I* didn't expect his balls to contain such an outlandish quantity of cum. His nuts hold multitudes, each rivaling a seasoned porn star. He fucked my throat like a horny demon, working up an orgasm that drenched every hole on the upper half of my body.

Nothing could've prepared me for my inability to breathe through my mouth or nose. He even filled my ears, which I didn't realize was possible. I thought I had hearing loss for five minutes until he dipped my head beneath the water and cleaned my ear canals with a washcloth.

Now, I hear perfectly well and I breathe normally once again, thank you very much. All Daddy had to do was give me a bath.

"Surprise, baby boy." Salvatore slides his left leg into the tub. "Daddy's joining you. Move your ass to the back and make space."

My heart fills with warm fuzzies. Daddy… wishes to take a bubble bath with me? He desires to play with me, scrub me, and maybe even tickle me while we have fun with rubber duckies?

I shake my head in amusement and try not to squeal. This is all too much like Daddy truly wants to be with me, he's not simply tolerating me like the evil voice in my brain tells me. He cares about me, cherishes me, loves that I'm his.

Fuck, I don't know how I got so lucky.

I scoot back. "Of course, Daddy. I'm happy we're sharing the tub."

Salvatore places his right leg in the water and begins to sit down. But he's barely planted his butt beneath the bubbles when a tidal wave knocks me against the tile.

"Oh shit, baby boy." Salvatore leans forward, then pulls my skull away from the wall. "Didn't mean to plow you over. Daddy's got a big ass, and this tub is smaller than I thought."

I bite back a laugh as I rest my cheek on his palm. I wiggle against his fingers, cherishing him even more when he holds me tight.

"It's okay, Daddy. Your big muscular body caused a tidal wave. You're lucky we're not in Hawaii."

Salvatore tucks a strand of damp hair over my ear. "You're right, boy. If I'd planted my ass in Kailua Beach, I'd have caused a natural disaster. The residents would never forgive me."

Daddy's so silly. Shaking my head in amusement, I burrow into Salvatore's chest. His muscles are thick, and they make excellent makeshift pillows as I adjust my body. Propping myself up, I press my cheek against his abs, making certain my head's above water.

The last thing I'd want is for Daddy to cause another wave by shifting beneath the surface. I'm not positive how water physics works, or why movement in one part of the tub results in an enormous wave on the other, but I ain't taking chances.

Letting out a sigh, I turn into a baby koala as I cuddle with Salvatore. We had the *best* time in his bedroom, exploring each other's bodies. Before tonight, no man ever put their finger in my asshole. I hadn't even tried to stimulate myself because it intimidated me.

Porn stars make anal sex look so daunting. In solo videos, they fuck themselves with enormous dildos, grinding on huge plastic cocks as if they've done it their entire lives. Perhaps they *have*, or at least since puberty.

In multi-partner videos, porn stars take massive twelve-inch cocks and rut them like nobody's business. They perform stretching exercises to ensure their asses are ready for action, because those dicks would tear their guts if they didn't.

Salvatore kicked my insecurities out the window. He sensed I was nervous, that I was waiting for him to do more. He slid in one, two, then three fingers into my hole.

It was the hottest thing ever. Never in my life did I expect fingering to be so enjoyable. I flew when he stuffed my ass with his digits, working them into my body. He made me feel like an attractive adult male worthy of desire, not a stupid, worthless nineteen-year-old who cries all the time in the Lake Projects, who uses Posy Roses to masturbate in his room.

Salvatore cups the back of my head. "That's right, baby boy." His voice comforts me. "Rest your cheek on Daddy's chest. Let your worries out. You're in my arms."

That's another thing I love about Salvatore. Most men scare the hell out of me, because I fear they're abusive assholes like Dad. He protects me. He'd never damage me or raise his fist to me in anger.

"Thank you, Daddy." Blushing, I pick up a rubber ducky. "I'm always safe with you. Nothing can damage me."

This is true. I could conquer the world with Salvatore. Screw anyone who'd hold a gun to my head or threaten me, because he would kick their ass. He's my sweet, cuddly Daddy, vicious with everyone else, but a fluffy marshmallow with me.

"You should feel protected." Salvatore kisses my forehead. "I've got you, baby boy. No matter what life throws at you, I'll keep you safe. I don't give a shit if it costs me hundreds of millions of dollars. If a monster such as your father tracks you down, I'll hire the best special op forces in this entire fucking city to protect you. Or I'll chop their heads off myself."

Butterflies scurry across my tummy. I let out a moan. Yes, this is what being with a man like Salvatore entails. He protects me, always keeping my safety first.

"I wish I'd known you as a boy, Daddy." I run my finger over Salvatore's hairy chest. "If you were a friend of my mother's, you would've been a stellar role model. I could've looked up to you. You could've taught me my father Salem was abusive, not me."

Salvatore drags his palm across my temple. "If I'd been in your life when you were a boy, I wouldn't be your Daddy, sweet one."

This surprises me. "Why not?" I tilt my head to the side.

The sight of Salvatore floors me. Emotion wells up within my soul, and I fight like hell not to kiss him. But it's hard. A single look in his beautiful eyes, those same steady orbs that I've stared into so many times, makes me tingle in places I've never tingled before.

Our lovemaking was incredible, but I could come again staring at Daddy. No doubt about it. Salvatore wouldn't even have to touch me between my legs or finger my ass. Eye contact is a powerful aphrodisiac.

Salvatore lets out a sigh. "It's self-explanatory. I wouldn't have put you in a position where you could've been taken advantage of."

This causes me to wrinkle my brow. I process Salvatore's words, but his logic doesn't compute. I'd never turn him away, even if he was close to me growing up. How could he say that?

"That's hurtful, Daddy." Biting my lower lip, I squeeze Salvatore's hand. "You wouldn't have hurt me. Even if you'd known me in a different capacity."

I imagine knowing Salvatore as a boy. Perhaps he would've been a friend of my mother's, related to a lady in the neighborhood she invited over every Saturday. Perhaps after dropping his sweet old Grandma off at my house for a painting session, he would've caught my eye while heading back to his expensive limousine and winked at me.

Perhaps Salvatore would've come by more often and introduced himself to me after an appropriate amount of time had passed, after I was a legal adult. What's wrong with that? He wouldn't have been in a position of power over me at all. That's how relationships worked in the eighteenth century. I don't understand why it's any different in this era.

"You say that now." Salvatore squeezes my hand. "But you're engaging in a fantasy. You don't see the downside."

Fantasy? I'm tempted to snort. Oh, this man wants to discuss *fantasies*. Salvatore doesn't know the Pandora's box he's opened.

"If you think my fantasies are bad now," I begin, "you'd die if you heard the naughty thoughts I had growing up. They'd give you a heart attack."

Salvatore nods. "That's why I'd have stayed away from you, boy." Dipping his hand into the water, he removes my rubber ducky from my grip. "You're too horny. I know how boys act at your age, don't try to pull the wool over my eyes. I was young myself once. You'd probably have thrown yourself at me, put yourself in my path and opened a world of trouble for Daddy."

I understand where Salvatore's going with this. The worst part is… he's right. I had crushes on teachers at school, and I tried more than once to get

them to help me with *extra-curricular* activities. It never crossed my mind that I could cause problems.

Salvatore makes sense. I've never considered these age gap relationships from the older man's point of view, or their potential consequences. I understand why he would be hesitant around me, why this isn't a silly game for a man like him.

Especially when you add kink into the mix. Members of the BDSM community already go through enough shit fighting for acceptance in society. To throw myself at Salvatore before I was old enough would hurt more than just him and me.

I watch Salvatore play with the rubber ducky. "You make a good point, Daddy. I've never thought about this from your perspective."

"Some boys think it's a fun game to court an older man's attention. They figure they can get things out of it or act like a little Lana Del Rey wannabe slut."

Uhm. How does Salvatore know about Lana? I loved Lana Del Rey growing up. She's a kick ass pop singer. She pens beautiful yet depressing love songs about her relationships.

"Don't mention Queen Lana." My cheeks flush pink. "She introduced me to Daddy kink."

When I was in high school, I'd put on Lana's debut album and listen to the tracks every night. Sometimes I'd sneak alcohol out of my mother's cupboard and sip cocktails while staring out my window. I especially loved her unreleased music, and I'd vibe to it as I made myself a cranberry vodka cocktail, guzzling it while tears rolled down my cheeks.

I was fifteen then, likely too young to listen to those types of songs, but hers spoke to me. The trauma Salem put me through matured me faster than my peers, and her heart-wrenching music gave me a release.

Salvatore nods. "She's done a lot of positive work for the movement." He strokes my hair. "And some not-so-positive things. Her art inspired a wave of depressed teens."

Oh yeah. I get that. Her albums are upsetting, and she talks about hurting herself frequently.

"It's sad Billie Eilish copied her entire vibe." I grit my teeth in disappointment. "I'm not really into Top 40 radio, so I listen to the OG who influenced it all. A.k.a. Lana. Even if she makes me cry."

"OG?"

Turning around, I look at Salvatore. "You don't know what OG means?"

Salvatore shakes his head. "Is it like OJ?" He scratches his forehead. "That's orange juice. Unless you're discussing OJ Simpson, in which case it's something very different."

I stare into Salvatore's beautiful eyes, those same eyes that make me melt, and realize we're bumping into our first generational difference. Oh… man. This expression has been around for quite some time.

"This is our first generational difference." I place my palm on his chest. "Congratulations. We're really dating."

Salvatore shoots me a stern look. "Don't mock me. I'm forty-eight, but I keep up with the youth."

"Mmmhm."

"Test me." He lets out a growl. "I dare you."

"What does OG mean?"

"Pick a different word."

I let out a sigh. "You're the one claiming you can relate to a nineteen-year-old."

Salvatore grumbles. "Fine." He cracks his knuckles. "I don't know what the hell OG means. Explain it like I'm five."

Ahhh. There it is. Sweet, sweet victory.

I smile. "*Original gangster*. People say it jokingly online. When I called Lana an OG, I meant she was the first to do her style of music."

Salvatore takes this in. "And Billie copied her?"

Daddy's quick on the uptake.

"Yes." I rest my chin on his shoulder. "Billie stole her entire act. Well, Billie put her own spin on it and turned it into something new. But she took Lana's vibe."

"Uh huh."

"It's important to have a unique vibe."

"Vibes are very crucial to Gen Z." Salvatore chuckles. "That's the second time you've mentioned them in this conversation."

I let out a sigh as I stare into Salvatore's eyes. I rack my brain, trying to determine how to best explain this.

"Vibes are everything." Smiling, I pick up a rubber ducky. "They're how you tell if someone could hurt you. When I walk by the junkies outside of the Projects, I need to figure out their vibe. If they're looking for a fix, I pass safely to get to school. If they want sex, I hurry by. It's the same when speaking about musical artists. You can see when an artist pours their heart into a project and a lesser creator steals their schtick. The execution is different, but they copied the recipe."

Salvatore nods, then brings the rubber ducky he's holding close to me. "I get what you mean, boy. We experience the same in business."

Once again, I shrug. "I can identify when an original artist is doing their thing and a thief jacks their idea. People jack vibes because they're not having success."

"That's what you think Billie did to Lana?"

Salvatore asks the hard-hitting questions. I adore it.

I shake my head. "In that case, I think Lana inspired Billie. It's too cynical to say Billie stole everything from Lana, because Billie's obviously talented in her own right and puts her own spin on her art. But I like the OG artists, the ones that come up with artistic movements, perhaps inspired by the past, instead of simply following a trend."

Salvatore makes his rubber ducky kiss mine. "You're smart, boy. Is that what you do with your paintings?"

A breath escapes me. "But yes. I think so. I want to start a movement of Little painters who capture their stuffed animals in a novel light. How cool would it be to be at the forefront of a Little revolution?"

"You have so much passion, handsome boy." Salvatore nods. "I knew it the second I saw you. You're not like the other boys in this city who chase trends for commercial appeal. What you have is unique and original, and I see your passion through your pain. Even your work at Little Land showed your originality bursting beneath the surface. I'm keeping that motherfucking sea turtle painting above my fireplace for the rest of my life."

Salvatore's words knock the wind out of me. Shifting on his lap, I force myself to breathe. He says *everything* a budding artist desires to hear. I'm not like these LA boys who throw NFTs together in five minutes to make a quick buck with their art. I care about originality and putting something out into the universe people haven't seen before. That he recognizes this blows my mind.

"Oh Daddy." I scrunch my eyes shut, battling the urge to cry. "You turn me into the happiest boy ever. If only you knew what your words mean to me."

Picking up both duckies, he brings them to my lap. "I already do. You're a talented, talented artist, and everything you touch turns to gold."

This is too kind for my little brain to process. I thrust my arms around Salvatore's neck, not caring that I cause a miniature tidal wave in the tub. He's so sweet to me, and he makes me feel like the incipient creative I used to be before Mom moved to the Lake Projects.

I don't need to hide my true self from him. He gets me, he fucking understands me, there's nothing I could say that'd be too out there for him to comprehend. You only meet a man like this once in your life, and I'm so glad I met him when I did.

I place my hand on his. "Duckies, Daddy?"

After his kind words, I need to retreat into my Little space and let Daddy seize control.

Salvatore smiles. "Of course, angel." He hands me my rubber ducky. "Let's play the game you learned at Little Land: *End of the World*."

I giggle as I take the rubber ducky and plop her in the water. I know she's a she, because I decided five seconds ago. Zooming my rubber ducky through the tub, I swerve around the bubbles. We pretend giant asteroids fall from the sky.

For the next hour, I give myself over to playtime. Nothing, not even an enormous tub of brownie cheesecake ice cream, could take me out of my headspace. Salvatore makes me feel protected, and he doesn't judge me for my desires. He gets that I'm an artist and a Little, and loves having Little fun with me. Could a boy get any luckier?

Salvatore rubs his hand on my back. "It's time to bring Baby Cove to bed."

I turn around… but that's when I see one thing I haven't done yet. Salvatore's right nipple stares at me beckoningly, a perfect pink point. His nipple's hard, and I know it's from relaxing with me.

Sniffling, I gesture to his chest. "No, Daddy. I wish to suck."

A crease forms in Salvatore's forehead. He tilts his chin down, looking at his body.

"Suck what, baby?" Reaching out, he massages my dick between my legs. "You already sucked Daddy before the bubble bath."

Ha. That's not what I need right now.

Inching forward, I press my nose against Salvatore's nipple. "This, Daddy. Your nipple. I want to suckle it."

Salvatore's fingers find purchase in my hair. "Of course, boy. I should've realized it sooner." He tugs me toward his nipple. "Daddy will pour more bubbles and hot water into the tub. Go ahead."

That's all the prompting I need. The sound of rushing water fills the bathroom as Salvatore follows through on his promise. I move my mouth

toward his nipple, taking it between my teeth. Swirling my tongue around the pink bud, I lose myself in Daddy.

Relaxation overwhelms me as I suckle Daddy like a baby lion cub. I don't think about my big boy responsibilities or the trauma Salem put me through. I don't even consider Posy Roses, who's begging me to scrub my cummies off of him.

At this moment, with my lips locked on Salvatore, all I think about is my Daddy. My wonderful Daddy who understands me better than I do myself. No matter what happens, no matter what monsters chase us down, he will always be there for me.

I float through the stars when I finish suckling. "Thank you, Daddy." My voice is breathless as I turn to stare into Salvatore's eyes. "I feel like the most adored baby boy."

"That's because you are, sweetie." Salvatore drags his finger across my downy cheek, stroking my soft flesh. "Daddy cares about you so much."

I dip down to Salvatore's nipple once again. I *love* this man.

Even if my father showed up tomorrow with an AK-47, all that matters is Daddy holds me tight.

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Chapter Twenty

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Salvatore

One month later

"Sweet boy." My voice echoes through the garden, drifting between the palm trees. "Would you like lemonade?"

Cove turns his eyes up to me where he's painting a portrait of Posy Roses and flashes me a thumbs up. "Yes, Daddy." His voice is as sweet as an apple blossom in spring. "I'd love that so much. But can you bring it to me in my bunny bottle?"

I drop ten ice cubes into the pitcher, swirling them around with a wooden spoon. I add a large amount of sugar, making sure my angel doesn't cringe from the lemony tang. Topping the drink off with a sprig of fresh mint, I combine the ingredients, then pick up Cove's bunny bottle.

It's a bottle I purchased from a major kink retailer that specializes in adult babies. I fill it, then secure the nipple.

"Sure thing, boy." Holding the bottle up, I shake it in the open window. "Keep painting Posy Roses. Daddy will bring your bottle out when the blondies are ready."

Cove grins. "Thank you, Daddy. I can't wait for you to feed me."

Shaking my head in amusement, I don my oven mitts and drop to my knees. Peering through the oven glass, I peek at my pan of blondies, bubbling under the heat. The ooey gooey caramel I packed in the center looks delicious, as if begging me to cut it into heart shapes.

I'll bring Cove a fresh blondie with strawberry ice cream when I take him his lemonade bottle. He's painted all afternoon, and he deserves a treat.

"All right." Biting my lower lip, I set my cooking timer for three minutes. "These should be ready soon."

I head to the kitchen sink and pick up my favorite scrubby while I wait. It's a baby blue one Cove selected last week in the shape of a teddy bear. It's the cutest thing, and Charisse says it makes washing plates so much more fun. But Charisse has today off, so I'd better get my fucking ass to work.

As I clean the mixing bowls, I can't help but think through the events of this past month with Cove. Since our Hawaii trip, we've grown in our relationship every day. When I first laid eyes on him, I wasn't sure he was even a Little. I thought I projected my fantasies onto him, that I wished he was into age play because I missed being a Daddy.

The previous thirty days have shown me how wrong I was. Cove and I have explored many aspects of age play together, each better than the last. Three weeks ago, I took him to a special kink shop in LA that contained a wide variety of toys. He gravitated toward the baby bottles. The binkies and bibs weren't far behind, and he picked out ten new pacifiers, each with zoo animals on them.

Cove's favorite paci is a bunny. It has pictures of cartoon rabbits on the ring. He chose another with dinosaurs on it, because Christian, Rowan, and Karter have so many. He even selected a pitch-black pacifier, and attempted to slide it between my teeth later that night.

I told him he was silly, that Daddies don't suck on pacifiers like their boys do. Cove didn't listen, dorky little guy. He encouraged me to try it, and I did. It was hilarious. I'd never dreamt of sucking on a pacifier before. But he has a way of bringing out the gentle Daddy in me.

Two weeks ago, I took Cove to an amusement park. It's on the outskirts of LA, and it has princess-themed rides and tons of activities. I packed his bubbles in my travel bag, and he used them while riding the tallest roller coaster in California. His friends Christian, Rowan, Karter, Lucas, Macon, Bentley, Preston, and Santiago—the Antonovs' boys who are into age play—joined him, and they all had a wonderful time.

It was amazing seeing Cove open himself up to new experiences. I was afraid he wouldn't get along with the rest of Christian's friends—after all, he only met three at Little Land—but he took to them like glue. The boys rode every coaster together while us Daddies snapped pictures to warm our dark hearts. Crazy as it sounds, we felt younger just looking at our partners, and we couldn't believe how fast the day flew by.

On our drive home, Cove said that one of Christian's friends uses diapers. We had a long discussion about diapers, and I told him I didn't expect him to use them if he wasn't ready. He knew I diapered Azazel, and I wanted to make sure I didn't pressure him.

But Cove was adamant and informed me this was something he wished to try. I purchased a pack of diapers with zoo animals on them and slid him into one the next week. The sensation blew him away, and the flush on his cheeks let me know I made the right decision. He crawled around my living room floor playing with blocks as he thanked me for trusting him, and he looked absolutely adorable, and it warmed my heart to watch.

I'm so fucking glad Cove's in my life. After my shitty breakup, I didn't think I'd have a baby boy again. I certainly didn't expect I'd be a Daddy who wrapped his boy in diapers. But he brings that side of me to light and encourages me to be my true self. We don't keep secrets from each other, and we help each other grow every day.

I couldn't get luckier if I tried.

Ding.

My timer distracts me. Setting the clean dishes on the drying rack, I wash my hands, then tiptoe to the oven. Cracking open the door, I glimpse the blondies bubbling, ready for me to remove them.

I pick up my oven mitts and slide the treats out. I place them on a hot pad so I don't crack my countertop, then grab a big knife from the closest drawer. After letting the snacks cool for an appropriate amount of time, I cut the pan into heart shapes, then position the biggest slice on a pink plate for Cove.

After removing a tub of strawberry ice cream from the freezer, I scoop an enormous ball next to the blondie and decorate the plate with a sprig of mint. Emotion swells within me as I take in the treat, excited to bring it to my baby boy. He'll look so cute munching on this snack in my arms, covered in paint and eating happily. I pick up Cove's bottle and tuck it under my arm.

“Boy.” My growly voice travels through the open window. "Your afternoon snack's ready. Tell Daddy if you want to eat it with your fingers or use your baby utensils."

This was a surprise I presented Cove with last weekend. After returning from UCLA where I signed him up for a college tour—he's super excited to attend university to further his art—I gave him a gift he didn't expect.

Cove gasped when he saw the adorable spoon, fork, knife. They're a magnificent pink hue. I cut up his dino nuggets and dipped them in honey mustard sauce, and after I fed him with the baby fork and knife, he clung to me all night. He'd never eaten with such utensils before, and he refuses to live another day on this Earth without using these for every meal.

Tapping my foot, I wait for his response. "Cove." I keep my voice stern. "Answer Daddy. I won't ask you again."

The only rule I have in our relationship is that Cove responds to me when I call. With his troubled past, I want to make sure he's never out of my sight.

But Cove doesn't answer. Furrowing my brow, I poke my head out the window to reprimand him for his forgetfulness. No doubt my beautiful boy's occupied with his work. He's probably riding a creative wave, painting Posy Roses while not paying attention to his surroundings. I wouldn't put it past him if he forgot his treat.

I glance around the clearing where Cove's working, my gaze raking across his easel and canvas.

Brushes and paint lie on the ground.

A bottle of primer sits on its side, seeping into the grass.

Wind blows through the trees, scattering leaves across his workstation.

It looks like whoever was here left in a hurry.

"This bad boy." I head to my patio door. "He's playing scary tricks on Daddy. I'll give him a spanking."

I step outside, ready for my boy to leap out from behind a palm tree and surprise me.

He'll probably thrust his arms around my neck and force me to drop his baby bottle, which will make me laugh.

I'll need to buy him a new one.

But that's when I see it.

The stuffed rabbit lying in the dirt on the far side of my property.

Posy Roses.

My blood turns to ice.

"Cove." My voice is unwavering. "Where are you? This isn't funny."

No response.

The blondies slip out of my hands.

I break into a fucking run.

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Chapter Twenty-One

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Cove

One minute earlier

"This is the final touch."

Beaming, I lift my brush and dab white paint on Posy's nose. It creates a sparkle effect, making her look like a glistening diamond. My tummy rumbles for my ice cream treat, but I put my hunger aside and focus on my creation.

Posy looks *stunning* in the sweater I crocheted for her. Last week, Salvatore took me to a wonderful craft supply store and bought me new hooks and yarn. With a little Youtube tutorial magic, I constructed a sweater for Posy Roses that makes him look like he's attending a Pride parade. This is what I painted today, making sure I capture Posy in his LGBTQ+ glory in perpetuity. Whenever someone lays eyes on this painting, they'll know Posy is an ally.

A giggle escapes me as I set my brush down. I pat my back, congratulating myself for my hard work. It's difficult unleashing your creative side, especially when your Daddy is making delicious treats and lemonade that he plans to give you in the new baby bottle he purchased.

But my toils paid off. Now, I get to snuggle on Daddy's lap and celebrate finishing my painting.

As I wait for Salvatore to bring me my refreshments, I can't help but think about the events of the past month. My Daddy is fabulous. Not a day goes by where he doesn't show me he accepts me. Every week, we try a new age play activity, which is a continuation of the plan we set up in Hawaii.

I love sucking on pacifiers while Daddy holds me, losing myself in the nipples. I never expected I'd be a pacifier boy, because so many of the Littles on Reddit knock that element of the kink. They say pacis are too babyish, almost infantilizing and they want a Daddy who treats them like a big boy.

Not me. When he slides my bunny pacifier between my lips—that's my favorite—I melt like an ice cream cone. The world drifts away, and I focus on burying into Daddy's arms. Something about the act of sucking on a pacifier transports me to when I was a baby, and I embrace my regression, running toward it and never looking back.

The diapers he purchased for me… oh Lord. *They're even better*. When he diapered me for the first time, I swear to God I went to heaven. I played with blocks and colored with Daddy all afternoon, and didn't use my big boy words once. He let me drink out of my new baby bottle, and my bladder almost burst. I told Daddy I had to pee pee, and I was worried because I thought he'd judge me.

He didn't scoff at me at all. He encouraged me to release in my diaper, to see if I enjoyed it. I scrunched my thighs together, and moaned as a tiny stream shot into the padding. My dick got hard, and I quivered as he massaged me, patting my bum.

Salvatore brought me into his special playroom to change me. I kicked my legs in the air and let out a laugh as he patted me down with wet wipes and powdered me. He slid me into a new diaper, then fastened an adorable bunny onesie he purchased for me on my body.

I was *flying* when he took me into his theater for an animated movie later that night. I felt so accepted, so cherished and loved. We're two peas in a pod, and I can't wait to be with him forever.

Blowing out a breath, I step back and take a second peek at my painting. The sunlight turns it into a gem, and I'm so excited I swell with pride.

That's another thing I adore about him. He encourages my artistic side, always pushing me to explore my creativity. The brushes he purchased for me are top-notch, and he never misses a moment to praise me. My father didn't do that growing up.

I tap my foot impatiently as I glance toward the kitchen window. The smell of the blondie treats wafts on the breeze, and I groan as I sniff the air.

"Daddy." I prepare for my snacks. "Your baby boy's hungry. He needs his food."

I can already envision myself curling up in his arms as he feeds me. I have paint all over my body, but I know he'll laugh. Maybe he'll give me a spanking.

I clear my throat. "Chop chop, Daddy. I'm a famous artist now. I can't wait all day for grub."

What's taking so long?

I'm setting my brush down when something in the grass rustles behind me. My ears perk up, and I furrow my brow. I don't remember seeing squirrels or other wildlife creatures out today. I wonder if it's a bunny, but rabbits don't make such loud noises when they walk.

I spin around and prepare to see an animal. If it's a bunny, I'll squeal and run to Salvatore to ask for carrot sticks. He won't mind because he knows I'm a dork when it comes to critters. He'll probably laugh and feed the rabbit with me.

But when I lay eyes on it, it's not a bunny at all.

It's a man.

A big, scary man in black tactical gear.

He clenches a gun in his left hand.

A ski mask sits on his face that shades his eyes.

His muscles are enormous and he growls when he speaks to me.

"Little boy." The man steps toward me. "You're coming with me."

I try to scream as I take a step backward. "Who are you?"

"It doesn't fucking matter." The man presses his weapon against my skull. "You ran from my boss five years ago. Get in my car."

I attempt to shout as loud as I can. "Daddy!"

The man slams his palm over my mouth.

After pressing a gun against my head, he heaves me into his arms and drags me over Salvatore's fence.

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Chapter Twenty-Two

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Salvatore

I DASH TOWARD THE CLEARING.

My heart slams in my chest as I stop in front of Cove's easel. I glance around, my eyes flitting across everything in the vicinity. He left bottles on the ground, spilling onto the grass, mixtures of blue, yellow, and green paint coagulating together. I spot his favorite brush—one of the horsehair brushes I purchased—in a pile of dirt, and a wave of adrenaline crashes through me.

Now I know for certain Cove's not playing a practical joke on me. My precious boy would never waste his expensive paint, even to be silly. He was so excited when I bought him these paints, cuddling up next to me, telling me about the wonderful works he wanted to create.

This is real as fuck.

Something happened to my baby boy and I must locate him right now.

I bring my hands to my mouth. "*COVE*."

My voice bounces around my garden. It echoes off the palm trees, then dips down the slope behind my estate, snaking through the cacti. I look at my backyard one last time, trying to make out footprints, hoping to find some trace of my angel.

If someone took Cove, there must be evidence. A piece of his clothing stuck on my fence. A sign of an intruder breaking into my property.

Nothing. No matter how many times I check, I don't find a shred of evidence. My search efforts are in vain, and despite my extended observation, I come up empty-handed.

Calm the fuck down. Maybe Cove snuck behind a tree to relieve himself. He's been painting for hours and he couldn't help it if he needed to pee.

My eyes dart to the palm trees again. I check each one for a sign of Cove, even a damp puddle. When I stumble across nothing, I chastise myself for failing to remember he was in a diaper.

Of course I wouldn't discover a fucking trace of Cove using the bathroom. I put him in a zoo creature diaper, and I ordered him to use it while he painted.

Gritting my teeth, I swipe my phone open. I pull up my encrypted security app, the one that allows me to monitor my estate at all hours of the day. Any enemy of mine could've snuck onto my property while I prepared the blondies.

They could pretend to be a fucking contractor visiting me to fix a broken pipe. They could wear a landscaper uniform and claim they're with the community. There are a million options, which is why I hired the top security firm in LA to put up these cameras two weeks ago.

I press my thumb against the fingerprint scanner. What I see shocks me.

A man in black.

He approaches Cove from behind, his visage shrouded in a ski mask.

Tactical gear covers his gigantic body, and he moves fast as he presses a gun to my angel's temple.

Fear darts across Cove's face when the man orders him to go with him. The man in black slams his hand over Cove's mouth and carries him over my fence.

Rage boils inside me.

Vicious revenge fantasies swirl through my mind.

I want to find this son of a bitch, slice his head off, and feed his body to sharks. I imagine ordering him to tell me where he brought Cove, then gouging his retinas out with my bare fingers.

I pull out my encrypted messaging app.

Me: I need your help

Nikolai's still in town after taking Christian and his friends to the amusement park. If anyone can assist me, it's him.

Nikolai: What is it

Me: A man in black stole Cove out of my backyard. I took my eyes off him for three fucking seconds to bring him a bottle of lemonade and he was gone

Nikolai: Where did the man take Cove

Me: I gave Cove a bracelet last week with a GPS tracker in it. I'll send you his location

Nikolai: Meet us at your private helicopter launch pad. My brothers and I will help

Snapping my messaging app shut, I pull up my GPS tracker. My heart slams in my throat when I zoom in on the dot where the satellite beams Cove's whereabouts.

Hollywood Hills.

Cove and his abductor are moving throughout the city to get to his old home.

I growl as viciousness pounds into me. Thank fuck I gave Cove that bracelet, because now I have the coordinates of where this bastard is.

I vow one thing.

Once I rescue Cove today, I'll never let him out of my sight again.

I don't give a shit if people call me overprotective.

I'll fight until my dying fucking day to keep this boy safe.

Time to get my motherfucking boy.

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Chapter Twenty-Three

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Cove

I SNIFFLE AS I ROLL OVER ON MY SIDE, FIGHTING A THROBBING HEADACHE. My head spins, and I feel like I've been passed out for hours. I take a deep breath and open my eyes, trying to figure out where I am.

A wave of claustrophobia washes over me. My gaze darts around the black enclosed space, but I see nothing. My body bounces up and down, and I hear an engine, but I don't know where it comes from.

Use your brain.

I try to think of what happened after the scary man took me over Salvatore's fence. But I can't. Everything faded after he hit me, and it hurt really bad. I burst into tears and sobbed on my T-shirt, but it didn't encourage my abductor to let me go. If anything, it enraged him further. After he dragged me a few yards, he smacked my head again and I passed out.

I should've pretended to die. If I'd toppled to the ground and refused to move, the man would've thought he killed me. Then I wouldn't be in this stupid location, scared of the dark, unable to leave.

Then I could be with Salvatore. My amazing, perfect Daddy.

Thinking of Salvatore warms me inside. I can't believe I was so dumb as to let a man abduct me, because I don't want to be away from my Daddy. I think of the blondie treat and lemonade he prepared for me, and fight back more sobs.

Damnit. Salvatore and I were supposed to have a wonderful night together. I created a masterpiece, and I was so excited to show Daddy my work. It's the best painting I've done, and it portrayed Posy Roses in a totally new light.

I want to curl up in Daddy's lap, hold his hand, and hear him tell me I'm the most talented boy he's ever met. I wish him to say that he secretly knows my captor, that this is a practical joke, that if I trust him, he'll make me happy if I stay strong.

My Daddy will rescue me. That's what he promised the very first day.

Car.

I don't know where this word comes from. It swirls through my brain, bubbling up from the depths. Straining my ears, I listen to the low rumbling noise once again, which sounds like a motor.

I'm in a car. More accurately, the *trunk* of a car. I seek to move, but when I attempt to spread my hands, I can't. A cord wraps around my wrists, and no matter how hard I try to break it, it's impossible.

Pushing my head up, I bump against the roof of the enclosure. Yes, this is definitely a trunk, locked and tiny.

I stomp my feet in the blackness. "Help!" I scream at the top of my lungs, willing a person to hear me. There must be someone in this vehicle able to assist. Maybe the driver has a passenger in the backseat. Or perhaps if my abductor hears my screams, he'll pity me.

"Let me out!" I beg. "You need to allow me to go."

Silence.

Sheer, impenetrable silence.

After what feels like an eternity, the car screeches to a halt. Footsteps on gravel sound around me as a stranger approaches the vehicle. The unknown person slides a key into the lock before thrusting the trunk open.

The man in the black ski mask stares down at me. "Little shit." He grabs my wrist as he forces a blindfold over my eyes. "You're not supposed to make

noise. I'll discipline you for that."

"Please." I fight back sobs as the man ties the blindfold. "Let me go. I won't tell anyone, I swear."

The man growls as he tugs me out of the vehicle. "Too fucking late. I have a job to do. If you don't cooperate, I have instructions to put a fucking bullet in your skull."

This is too much for me to bear. As the man places his hands on my back and leads me toward a secret location, I wonder how I'll survive this.

I have no idea who gave this man his orders. My first guess is Salem, but I can't believe he tracked me down. I haven't posted on social media in five years, and Salvatore and I don't broadcast our relationship anywhere.

Salvatore has enemies lurking all around the city. Perhaps it's one of them. Some Mafia fucker is jealous of him and paid a hitman to take me out. Perhaps he asked him for millions of dollars in ransom money to let me go, and he'll have no choice but to cough it up.

Fighting back tears, I force myself to be brave. The thought that some man stole me for ransom is too shitty to acknowledge. I don't want Salvatore to pay for my safety, not like this. My tired body wants to curl up on his lap, and be his brave little boy.

Maybe this is all a misunderstanding. Maybe these assholes have the wrong person.

I sniffle. "You have the wrong boy."

The man sneers at me. "You have one more chance to quit fucking talking before I knock your teeth out. Don't try me. I'm not someone you can fuck with."

The man slams a door shut behind him. He tears off my blindfold and leads me to a pole, then strips my clothes off. I cry as he removes my bunny T-shirt, splattered with paint. My pants are next, and he rips those off with an intensity I can't fathom.

I glance up and recognize where I am at once. My old garage. I gasp when I realize Salem is the man behind the kidnapping, after all.

A gruff sneer escapes my captor when he reaches for my diaper. "Look at that." He takes a step back and ogles my body. "Salvatore's boy is a little kinky freak. He gets up to all sorts of dirty shit with his Daddy."

I strain against my bonds. "Make fun of me all you want." My voice is heated. "My Daddy will murder you when he sees this. Mark my fucking words!”

The man pulls out a gun and fires a shot at my feet. I scream as the bullet nearly shatters my foot.

"Recognize her?" The man tugs a phone out of his back pocket. Swiping the lock screen up, he shows me a picture of a woman hunched over a slot machine.

My mouth goes dry. I try to speak, but I can't force the words out. I could identify the tired-looking woman anywhere in the world.

"Mom." My voice is barely a whisper.

The man cackles. "My boss has three snipers trained on her this fucking instant."

Hot tears roll down my cheeks. "Tell me who you are. I demand to know."

"After your mother ran away from home five years ago, your father paid me six hundred thousand dollars to track you down. The first ten men he contacted fucked the job up and he murdered them. I couldn't find you until you used your real name to visit Hawaii with Salvatore. He should've gotten you a fake passport. That's when you screwed up."

Rage pummels my insides. "My Daddy will kill you." I attempt to kick my captor. "He'll murder my father, too! Remove these cords!”

It happens in an instant.

The door crashes open on the far side of the garage.

A devilish figure marches toward me, full of menace. A wave of spicy cologne assaults my nose, causing me to gag. The stranger trails his calloused fingers across my cheek, letting out a familiar growl. He runs his hand over my tummy, dragging his nails over my chest.

Revulsion slams into me. I manage to stare into his eyes, then fight back the urge to vomit when he confirms my worst suspicions.

I recognize him at once.

My father.

Salem Fisher.

The bastard who raped my Mom in front of me and forced me to watch.

The man who beat me every night until I passed out.

The deadliest motherfucker in LA.

"Dad!" I let out a sob. "Why are you here?"

My father smirks. "You're about to fucking find out."

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Chapter Twenty-Four

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Salvatore

RAGE FUMES WITHIN ME AS I PULL UP TO THE HELICOPTER LAUNCH PAD IN my limousine.

I grip my Glock in my left hand, holding it tight. I wanted to bust a shot in every motherfucker taking up space on the highway.

I finally arrived at the secret runway thirty seconds ago and I must speak to Nikolai ASAP.

"Wait here." After ordering my driver to park, I leap onto the gravel.

With strident steps, I march to where Nikolai, Igor, and Timofey await me. They don suits with white dress shirts and their cufflinks sparkle in the sun. Igor carries a black briefcase packed with various types of weapons.

I don’t normally ask outsiders for assistance. But I don't have another option. I don't trust my henchmen to help me rescue Cove. Someone let that man in the ski mask onto my property, and I'm not sure who it was.

I'll review the fucking security tapes when I arrive home.

At this moment, I need to focus on rescuing Cove. That's all that matters. If the Antonov family from New York aids me, I have an obligation to work with them.

Igor ticks his head up. "Salvatore."

I let out a growl as I regard the three brothers. Built as shit, each Antonov brother packs a ferocity I can't describe. Igor is the biggest but Nikolai and Timofey pull their own weight. They hold Glocks in their hands, and rounds of ammunition for AK-47s bulge out of Nikolai's suit coat.

I force a nod. "Nikolai. Igor. Timofey."

Igor grits his teeth. "Give us Cove's updated location. We'll fire up the fucking chopper to rescue him."

I blow out a breath. Can I rely on these men? Never in my life have I relied on others. I'm a lone wolf, a bastard who protects what I have with my bare hands.

The last time I trusted another person I fucked myself over. Hell, if one of my employees let the man in black into my backyard, I have even less of a reason to trust.

But I know I must listen to these men. I couldn't rescue Cove alone if I wanted to.

I pull out my phone. "I pinged his location thirty seconds ago. The driver's taking him to the Hollywood Hills."

Nikolai adjusts his Glock. "Is that where Cove fled from his father?"

I filled the Antonovs in on the details of Cove's past on the way here. I informed them his father abused his mother growing up and forced him to watch.

"Yes." I don't mince words. "Whoever stole Cove must work for his Dad, Salem. They brought him back."

Timothy grits his teeth. "This happened to our cousin Demetri when he took out a drug trafficker in Wisconsin. His baby boy Lucas' biological father was moving hundreds of millions of dollars worth of heroin into the country in cattle. Lucas' Dad tried to kill him when he spoke up against his plans."

Anger slices my insides. "How did Demetri take Lucas' father out?"

"Explosives. We blew the motherfucking shit out of his farmhouse. That Midwestern bastard didn't stand a chance."

Timofey growls. "We can't do that this time. There are too many innocent people in the Hollywood Hills."

Nikolai barks out a growl. "We don't have a fucking choice. If Cove's father brought him to the Hills to murder him, we need to destroy him by any means necessary."

Timofey's eyes flare. "Not if there are civilians present." He growls at his brother. "We must spare them today. I won't take an innocent life."

Igor lets out a roar. "Our top priority is to keep Cove safe." His gaze cuts Timofey. "If we destroy a rich California billionaire in the process, so be it."

I nod. "Cove's father's estate is far enough away from the others in the Hills. It's secluded on a mountaintop."

"Thank fuck." A low sound emanates from Nikolai's mouth. "So we won't have to murder civilians?"

I shake my head. "We could drop a fucking nuclear bomb on his father's motherfucking front porch and the rest of the neighborhood would be fine."

Igor sets his hand on my shoulder. "Cove will be okay." Igor hands me his briefcase. "I have two hundred grenades in this briefcase. Let's go."

We rush toward the chopper.

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Chapter Twenty-Five

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Cove

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.

I stare into my father's eyes, full of evil. Fear pricks my flesh, making me want to sink into a hole.

I can't believe Salem tracked me down after Mom and I evaded him. If what the man in black says is true and he found me because I used my real identity to visit Hawaii, I'll be even more upset.

Evil radiates off Salem in waves. Buried memories flood my brain, taking up residence in my neocortex. I think of the way he fucked my Mom in front of me when I was a boy, raping her on our living room floor as he ordered me to watch. When I came home from school excited to tell him about my homework business, he smacked me across the face and chained me to the fireplace.

This man ruined my life.

He's the worst thing that ever happened to me and I can't believe he tracked me down again.

"Let me go." I back up against the pole. "You have no right to bring me here."

"You don't know how much time I've fucking wasted looking for you." Salem runs his thumb over my jaw. "I combed every goddamn inch of LA. Every hotel. Every tenement building."

"We moved to a secret location." I jerk away from Dad.

Salem's eyes turn dark. "I put out feelers in all parts of this goddamn city. I donated to the mayor's reelection campaign and had him search for you. Nothing turned up."

I grit my teeth. Dad doesn't know how shitty he made my life. Mom and I had to lie low in the Lake Projects for five years, and we avoided decent jobs so he couldn't track us down.

I screwed everything up by going to Hawaii without a fake passport. I chastise myself for my stupidity, but I couldn't have known. I'm not an expert in these matters. I don't know what type of information a private investigator can pull up.

My eyes burn. "It's none of your business where we stayed." I shift in my diaper. "Mom and I hid from you. You're an abusive asshole, Dad. I HATE YOU!"

There. I said it. Finally, after all these years, I tell my father the truth. He treated Mom horribly and he triggered her gambling addiction. He deserves every bit of my vitriol.

Salem sneers at me. "You're my property. Not my son."

Tears roll down my cheeks. "What do you mean?"

"How do I put it?" Salem pulls a pocketknife out of his suit coat. "I'm not your biological father."

I gasp. "Say that again."

"Your bio Dad died when you were three years old. He was a top artist in LA. I commissioned him to work on a few projects for me when he was still alive."

"No." A ringing sound in my ears. "You're lying."

Salem shakes his head. "He painted the mural on the downtown bank where I do business. One day, he brought his girlfriend with him. I took a single look at her and fell in love. I had to have her."

Nausea whirls through my gut. "Shut up. I don't believe you."

"I lured your biological father to a secret location next to the ocean and deposited three bullets in his head. He didn't stand a chance. I dumped his body in the water."

"Stop talking."

Salem runs the knife blade across my cheek. "You deserve to know the truth."

"None of this is real." I move away from my Dad. "Everything you say is a lie. You're my real Dad. You're cruel and vindictive and I never want to see you again."

"I moved on your mother next. She gave up that sweet pussy to me every fucking night at first. I was rich as fuck and gave her the existence your artist father never could. But there was one problem. She had an obnoxious young son. You were only three at the time but you were the most annoying kid I could've imagined. All you did was paint and break us up whenever we were getting intimate."

"Please stop talking."

"You destroyed my life with your Mom. I started fucking her in front of you to show you what you'd taken from me. I forced you to watch. I planned to sell you into sex slavery the day you turned sixteen. It's the least you deserved for fucking my marriage up. But you and your bitch Mom ruined everything. You ran away from me in the middle of the night."

Fury pounds me from every direction. I stare at Salem, fighting the urge to scream in his face.

Suddenly, my entire time on this Earth makes sense. I've never related to Salem, I didn't share his angry temperament. I was an artist at heart, a painter who only wanted to create pictures of my stuffed animals. This bastard destroyed my childhood.

I think of the life that could've been. My real father was a brilliant artist, a painter who crafted murals for expensive banks. He loved my mother, and

the only reason he didn't raise me was because this bastard murdered him in cold blood.

"You're a monster!" I bare my teeth. "I knew you were an asshole because of the way you brought me up. But this proves you don't have a fucking soul!"

Salem smirks. "I don't give a fuck what you think." He drags his blade down my cheek. "The men I intended to sell you to are still interested, so I'll follow through with that plan. But there's something I must do first."

Rage assaults every part of my being. "Get away from me."

Salem runs his knife across my diaper. "I'm sampling your wares myself. Yeah, you little bitch. You put me through enough shit growing up and now you're going to feel your real Daddy's love."

He slices my diaper off and thrusts it to the floor.

That's when the explosion happens.

Boom.

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Chapter Twenty-Six

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Salvatore

Boom.

Sometimes in life, a man is inclined to show mercy. When he loans an old lady money and she can't pay the note back in full, he'll construct a payment plan, ensuring she has sufficient time to make good on her pledge.

Other times, a man sees red. Nothing but red. That's what happens when I drop the first ten grenades on Cove's father's garage.

Rage slices through me, blinding me. As Nikolai, Igor, Timofey and I blow the roof off the fucking place and I finally glimpse my precious cherub strapped to a pole without his diaper, all I see is deep, violent crimson.

Nikolai lets out a growl as he gestures to the scene below. "Tell me if that's your boy."

I pick up more grenades. I don't show emotion. I don't let my unrelenting anger hijack my control panel.

"Yes." I keep my voice calm. "That's my boy. His bitch ass father is threatening him with a knife."

"Let's go."

Nikolai, Igor, Timothy, and I pull the chopper's throttle as we race toward the smoking building, dipping under power lines. A deafening roar reaches our ears as the blades cut through the air. Timothy fires a machine gun into the concrete floor.

Ratata.

This is a wealthy residence. Though this is only the garage, I can tell it cost a fortune. The Hollywood Hills is for celebrities and plutocrat bankers, where the elite hide from jealous members of society. The fact that Cove's father owns property here points to his immense wealth.

Yet no doubt exists in my mind that Cove's Dad gained his money through nefarious means. He's likely a mobster, a vicious criminal who sells drugs to teenagers in LA. He likely hides under a respectable philanthropic front behind which he conceals his evil doings.

Gripping my Glock, I leap out of the helicopter and drop to the floor. My feet crash into the pavement, and I growl as I rush toward the motherfucker attacking my boy. His back is turned to me, and he doesn't hear me come up.

"Turn around, piece of shit." I refuse to mince words.

This is the moment.

The culminating finale where I put this man in his motherfucking place once and for all.

This is Cove's father, the piece of shit who abused my angel growing up, who forced him to watch while he raped his mother.

There's nothing redeemable about him.

He deserves every sick act of vengeance I'll deliver.

Salem whips around. "Stand back or I'll kill him." He raises his knife. "I won't warn you again."

My eyes flit to the blade in Salem's hand. It's long and sharp, and it'll damage my baby. I turn my gaze toward Cove and force myself not to shoot his Dad.

Cove's chestnut hair sticks up in every direction. Black bags sit under his eyes, and the sheen on his cheeks lets me know he's been crying. His diaper sits on the floor, no longer the protective shield it was when I put it on him

earlier this morning. His nudity is on full display, and he shakes as he sees me.

"DADDY!!" Cove's knees buckle. "Rescue me, please! Salem told me he killed my birth father and he's taking his anger out on me!"

I can tell there's an entire story here I don't know.

I glare at Cove's Dad, advancing with my Glock.

"You have three seconds to drop your fucking knife before I blast a hole in your skull." I keep my voice firm. "If you back off, I'll allow you to live."

This is a lie. Nothing in this motherfucking world will let me allow this man to walk out of this garage today. Jesus himself could fly down on an angel and order me to show mercy and I'd still kill him.

Fuck this guy.

He deserves his fate.

Salem presses his knife against Cove's throat. "This is my home. I'm in control here. I'll kill this kid if you don't take five steps back right now."

I stare at Cove once again. His eyes are tired and his limbs are so weak. I think about the painting he created this afternoon, the amazing work of art he wanted to show me. I imagine how sweet it would've been to hold him in my arms while I fed him his blondie, and let him drink lemonade out of his baby bottle.

This bastard stole that from me. He put Cove through unfathomable trauma and scared him all over. No doubt the memories Cove attempted to suppress have returned with a vengeance. Salem already tried to kill my angel once. I'll be damned to hell if I let it happen again.

Lightning couldn't flash faster as I raise my Glock and fire ten rounds into Salem.

The first bullet hits his knife, sending it flying toward the burning garage walls.

The second bullet slams in his chest, making him scream as he gushes blood.

The remaining bullets soar into each part of his body, pricking him like needles.

Salem screams as he crashes to the ground.

He shakes on the concrete as my puncture wounds drain the life out of him.

Cove turns to me. "You saved me, Daddy." His voice is a whisper as he tugs against his bonds. "He tied me up. Please set me free!"

After tucking my Glock into my pocket, I race toward Cove. Picking up his father's fallen knife, I slit the cords on his wrists, letting them fall to the ground. Cove thrusts his arms around me, squeezing me as tight as he can. I let out a growl as I lift him up, then bring him to the closest wall.

Emotion wells within me as I stare into my pretty boy's eyes. He's tired as hell and I know this ordeal took a lot out of him. My boy's energy reserves are depleted, and he needs a sweet bottle and a nap.

For the hundredth time this afternoon, I chastise myself for allowing a monster to kidnap Cove. I never should've permitted him to venture out of my sight.

"You're safe now, pretty boy." Tilting Cove's chin up, I stare into his gorgeous eyes. "I murdered the scary man who hurt you. I'll never allow that to happen again."

Cove sniffles. "That man wasn't even my real father." He sobs as he rubs his nose on my chest. "He killed my biological Dad and threw his body into the ocean. He took his place and hurt me."

Cove tells me the story of how his biological father was an artist. He lets out a sob, and I squeeze him tight to let him know I'm here.

"Boy." Leaning in, I run my thumb over his trembling lip. "Your fake Dad was an evil, evil person. Some people are born without a conscience. He could've restrained himself, but he tolerated his cruel desires. You didn't deserve to grow up with a monster like that."

Cove blinks back tears as he plants his palm on my chest. "Will you protect me, Daddy?" He gulps as he looks at me. "Will you keep me safe from now on?"

Fire burns as I lock eyes with Cove. All at once, the most powerful, life-altering emotions I've ever experienced crash through me.

Fate brought this boy to me. He's been through pain, but his trauma matches my own, which makes us perfect for each other.

I crush my lips to Cove's. He surrenders to me, swirling his tongue around my cheeks. I wrap him in a bear hug, kissing him passionately, putting our surroundings out of my mind. The garage walls burn to the ground in a cloud of smoke, but I don't give a fuck.

As I kiss Cove, I realize that I'll never be content simply being his Daddy. I *love* this boy. I cherish him with everything I have, and I wish to be with him for the rest of my life.

"I love you, angel." My voice is soft as I rub my lips on Cove's, touching him gently like a summer butterfly.

Cove closes his eyes as he graces my cheek with a kiss. "I love you, too, Daddy. I want to be with you for a very long time."

That's when the sound of footsteps enters the garage.

Cove's eyes dart open, and he gasps when he sees someone approaching me.

"Daddy!" Cove shrieks, pointing at the intruder.

I whip around, already tugging my Glock out of my suit coat. "Put your fucking hands in the air."

A familiar voice cackles from behind a black ski mask. "I think not, Salvatore." The figure removes the mask. "It's time you paid the price for your actions."

My jaw falls to the ground when I see who it is. With her locks of gray hair and grandmotherly eyes, I recognize her at once.

Charisse.

I gasp. "Charisse?"

What the fuck is my maid doing here?

Charisse doesn't look like the sweet grandmother I know.

With an AK-47 in her hands and fury in her gaze, she shoots me the fiercest glare I've ever seen.

I grit my teeth. "Answer me, Charrise. Why are you here?"

This is Charisse's day off today. She should spend it with her grandson. There's zero conceivable reason why she's in Salem's garage.

Charisse points her automatic gun at me. "You've bossed me around long enough, asshole." She spits at my feet. "Every time I show up at your house, you give me bullshit tasks to do. It's always *Charisse this*, *Charisse that*, never *Hey Charisse, I noticed you look tired today. Is there anything I can do for you?* When you brought this motherfucking boy home and ordered me to massage him, my patience snapped. I can't stand freaks. He was a handful and I wanted to slit his throat the second I fucking saw him."

Cove fumes. "You're a monster."

"I couldn't kill you right away because I knew Salvatore would find out." Charisse growls at Cove. "I researched everything I could about you. After discovering your father was a respected multimillionaire in the Hollywood Hills who'd searched for you for years, I contacted him before you went to Hawaii. He paid me twenty thousand dollars to get my brother to escort you here today."

Disbelief rockets through me. My wonderful maid who I adored with all my heart double-crossed me. If what she says is true, the man in black who abducted Cove is her brother.

I tighten my grip on my Glock. "Drop the weapon, Charisse. I won't ask you again."

Charisse's eyes flare with rage. "I have arthritis and you forced me to give massages to nineteen-year-old boys. You think I enjoy doing that? Half the

fun of giving a massage is rubbing oil on a sexy man. In masseuse school, smoking hot Scottish models in kilts with bulging muscles would play me bagpipes as a reward for my skills. Sometimes, they'd whip their cocks out and ask me to ride. I loved sucking them off, jerking their thick Scottish dicks with massage oil. I didn't desire a goddamn thing with your little boy. Cove's not a fucking man. No one in their right mind would wish to be with a teenager like him. You couldn't pay me to ride his cock."

The man in black who kidnapped Cove steps out from the shadows. "I'm glad you don't want him, sis. I'll strap him onto my torture table and fuck his little ass raw."

Cove's abductor removes his ski mask and I nearly lose my goddamn mind.

I recognize him at once.

Justin.

The asshole from the municipality board.

"No." Rage clouds my vision.

Justin's lips lift into a smirk. "I'm back, you fucking idiot. Now we're going to kill you both."

Charisse and her brother raise their weapons and point them at Cove, prepared to mow him down. But that's when something I don't expect occurs.

Boom.

The helicopter carrying the Antonovs lands behind Charisse and her brother. Nikolai, Igor, and Timofey leap out with AK-47s in their hands. They let out a roar and place their fingers on the triggers, preparing to blast my enemies to smithereens.

Charisse whips around. "Who the fuck are you?"

"The Antonovs, bitch." Nikolai raises his gun and points it at Charisse's face. "I retired from the business after I met my baby boy. But you just brought me out of retirement."

Nikolai, Igor, and Timofey fire their weapons. Deafening thunder fills the burning garage as they spray rounds into Charisse and her brother.

BRRRRRRR.

Cove lets out a squeal and thrusts himself into my arms. "Daddy!" He hugs me as tight as he can. "Your friends killed the bad guys!"

"Don't move, boy."

Lifting my Glock, I march to where Charisse and her brother lie on the ground. They gasp for air, shaking on the concrete as they stare at me, pleading for mercy.

"Please." Charisse chokes. "Forgive me. I didn't mean what I said."

I lift my Glock. "No one fucks with my baby boy."

Gritting my teeth, I pull the trigger.

My bullet slams into Charisse, and she stops moving.

I deposit a life-ending bullet in her brother next, killing him without hesitation.

Igor flashes me a thumbs up. "*Otlichnaya rabota*. Great work."

I don't speak to Igor. Dropping my weapon, I return to my angel. After heaving him into my arms, I slam my lips on his.

Passion overflows within me as I kiss Cove with everything I have. His soft, needy moans are music to my ears, his taste like candy. I pour my soul into this moment, sweeping my tongue across his plush trembling lips.

As the garage burns, as the Antonov brothers pack the bodies up before the cops arrive, I give my all to Cove. I kiss him tenderly, beautifully, transferring the most integral parts of me to him, proving with this kiss that I'm his Daddy, that I adore him, that I'll love and protect him for the rest of his life. Now that I vanquished his enemies, nothing can come between us.

Cove thrusts his arms around my neck. "You're so sexy, Daddy. Thank you for killing the bad guys."

I palm Cove's cock. "I'm yours, boy." Breathing on his lips, I stroke his erection. "Someone's excited Daddy protected him."

Cove whimpers, bucking into my firm hand as he kisses me hard. "Shootouts are a potent aphrodisiac."

The Antonov brothers are still cleaning the crime scene, scrubbing traces of evidence from the burning garage. They tug bottles of acid out of the helicopter to wipe every shred of DNA from the floor. It's a fast-acting solvent, and by the time the cops arrive, the blood will be gone.

I heave Cove into my arms. "Let's leave, baby boy." My mind fills with the image of the wonderful rose petals I'll set on his bed tonight.

"What do you want to do, Daddy?"

"Daddy's gonna give you more cummies than you've ever had in your life."

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Chapter Twenty-Seven

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Cove

Ten hours later

Salvatore takes my hand as he leads me off his jet. A Hawaiian breeze ruffles my hair, making it dance in the wind. I rest my shoulder against his, soaking up his warmth.

We're in Honolulu to make love, and Salvatore chartered a plane to bring us here today. Neither of us wanted to stay in LA after the shit that went down; we needed a break. When I asked him where we should go, he told me he'd prefer Honolulu.

Peaceful, pristine beaches. Blue ocean. An amazing vacation destination without the slightest trace of crime.

Fighting back a sigh, I squeeze Salvatore's hand tight. "I'm ready for tonight, Daddy." My voice is a peep. "Thank you for bringing me here."

Salvatore stops on the pavement and tilts my chin up. He stares into my eyes, his own flickering with emotion. I can tell he's full of regret over what happened and wishes Salem never tracked me down.

It's not his fault Salem found us. Charisse hated me the second she saw me, and no one could've predicted that. She acted so grandmotherly that Salvatore didn't think she'd double-cross me at all.

As Salvatore explained on the jet, her background check came up clean, and he had no clue she was related to the corrupt municipality board member.

Salvatore runs his thumb over my chin. "I want to spend a week in Honolulu with you." He strokes my skin. "You went through enough trauma today. It's time to kick back, snorkel, and focus on our relationship."

"That sounds amazing, Daddy." I wrap my arms around Salvatore.

As Salvatore leads me to a Ferrari on the tarmac and takes off, my mind drifts over the events of the past twenty-four hours. I couldn't believe that Salem orchestrated my kidnapping and brought me to his garage.

Truthfully, I didn't think I'd ever see Salem again. Mom and I avoided him for years. Not even top private investigators tracked us down.

Charisse's involvement shocked me. I wasn't convinced a little old lady could pull off such a vicious stunt. I thought she enjoyed bringing me gummy treats, but she didn't. I guess it proves that you're never too old to be a bad guy.

But what really surprised me were Salem's revelations about my past. Salem murdered my birth father. He never cared about me, and he planned to sell me into sex slavery and have his way with me when I turned sixteen.

A shudder travels up my spine. I knew Salem was evil growing up, but I never expected him to have a black heart. I should've realized his abuse was escalating from physical to sexual and that I was his target.

On the private jet, Salvatore explained he'd search for top trauma therapists in LA to help me process the day's events. The road ahead won't be easy, and we both have troubled histories to deal with. Seeing Dad's face brought back so many buried memories.

One time, Salem handcuffed me to my bed and forced me to watch him fuck my mother when I returned from school to tell him about my homework business. He didn't take his eyes off me, and he slapped me across the cheek when I tried to run.

A caring therapist will help me work through this painful experience. Salvatore will be there for me, too. I'm glad he's willing to stick by me

despite my past.

Salvatore pulls up to our resort. When he parks the Ferrari, he reaches over and rubs my hand.

"We've arrived, pretty boy." Salvatore lightly touches my skin. "Step outside. Daddy's going to grab your bag from the trunk."

I gulp, then shake my head. "Please don't say trunk, Daddy." I opt for levity, forcing out a strained laugh. "I'll be fine if I never hear that word again."

Chills travel across my flesh as I think of the trunk Charisse's brother locked me in. It was terrible being in such an enclosed, dark space. I had no way to cuddle with Daddy. No matter how much I struggled against my bonds, I couldn't break free.

"Shit." Salvatore palms his head, then lets out a grunt. "I forgot. Please forgive Daddy."

Leaning in, I thrust my arms around Salvatore. "It's okay." I kiss his cheek. "I was only in the trunk for an hour or so. It's not like Charisse's brother locked me in there for days, without food or water. I'll get over it eventually."

My inner voice tells me this is optimistic. But the therapist Daddy plans to hook me up with will assist me, though it'll take time.

Salvatore rubs his palm on my lower back. "We'll push through this together, baby boy. I'm sorry I let you out of my sight. Nothing hinted Charisse was double-crossing me or harbored ill feelings toward you. It won't happen again."

"Daddy." I hug him tighter. "Let's not talk about this right now. I love you and I want to focus on you tonight. *Please*."

He plants his lips on mine. It's a beautiful kiss, and I lose myself in his mouth. A sigh escapes me, and I snuggle into his chest like a baby field mouse who found a safe place to burrow in.

Salvatore's my safe place. He assembled the most incredible team to tear me away from Salem. The Antonovs are fucking awesome.

He even dropped twenty grenades on my childhood home, blowing it to smithereens. As he explained, he didn't want a single trace of my house standing. It was the best gift he could've given me.

Salvatore exits the Ferrari, then approaches my door. "After you, sweet boy." He takes my hand in his. "I have a surprise waiting when we reach our room."

I let him rub my fingers, surrendering to his touch. "Thank you, Daddy."

It feels amazing being in Hawaii with Salvatore again. I glance at the moonlit ocean and blow out a breath of wonderment. A breeze blows my hair back, and I inhale the scent of the sea. The resort workers already set up the hammocks on the sandy beach for guests, and I envision Salvatore and I cuddling on one tomorrow.

Peace washes over me. Today was tough, and I'll never forget it as long as I live. But with Salvatore by my side, I know everything will be okay. My Daddy won't let me down, and he'll protect me.

I look up at Salvatore and force myself not to melt. In the Hawaiian moonlight, his features are chiseled and sharp. His red lips mesmerize me, and his scruffy jaw stirs a fire in my gut.

"I'm ready, Daddy." My willy tingles between my legs, and it throbs as I lean into Salvatore. "Take me to our bedroom."

Tightening his grip, Salvatore leads me into the resort. The sound of ukulele music reaches our ears when we enter the lobby, and we lay eyes on a young girl in floral prints strumming on the hotel floor.

Salvatore approaches her and presses his hand to his heart when he hears the song. *Somewhere Over The Rainbow.*

"Here you go, sweetie." Salvatore sets a one-hundred-dollar bill in the ukulele case at her feet. "I'd love to get a CD of your songs. You're amazing."

The girl beams at Salvatore. "Thank you, sir." She hums to herself as she continues playing. "Have a great night."

My eyes well with tears as Salvatore leads me out of the lobby. As we traverse the sandy walkway that takes us to our villa, as the moon illuminates our steps, I can't help but think how lucky I am. He's a sensitive man who cares about people besides himself. He rescued me, and he also gives money to the little Hawaiian girl playing ukulele.

Everyone at the Lake Projects said Salvatore was a monster. He cared about nothing but cold, hard cash. He refused to extend someone's rent or offer alternative payment methods.

I was right about Salvatore all along. His ruthless exterior conceals a just hero underneath, one who does anything to help those in need. He saved me tonight, and he'll continue to save me every day. This man will be with me for a long time.

Squeezing my fingers, Salvatore opens the door to our private villa. He takes me to the bed, then cups my chin.

"Such a sweet, sweet boy." Salvatore's voice soothes me, washing away my anxiety. "You're such a good little boy, Cove. You have no idea how good you are."

I tilt my head up and surrender to Salvatore's touch. His thumb traces a heart on my skin, making my face heat. I press my forehead against his chest, wiggling my nose on his body.

"You're better, Daddy." Salvatore's chest muffles my voice. "You saved me today. Without you, Salem would've killed me."

Salvatore runs his hands across my hips. "Don't mention that bastard again. Let's not think about that evil fucker for the rest of the night."

I bring his finger to my mouth. "That's an amazing plan, Daddy."

Salvatore takes me to the bed. After laying me down and tugging my shirt up, he brings his face to my abs, then plants a kiss on my tummy. It tickles, and I scrunch my legs together as I fight back laughter, but I relent in the end.

A giggle escapes my lips as Salvatore tugs my pants down, then buries his mouth in my underwear. He breathes on my shaft through my boxers,

darting his tongue out, planting a smooch on my rod, then cupping my balls. Fondling my swollen testicles, he works my briefs to my thighs, exposing my naked cock in the moonlight.

"Fuck." A low growl escapes Salvatore as he looks me up and down, his eyes combing over my body. "You look so damn sweet. Daddy's gonna get a cavity."

I push my legs apart, willing Salvatore to go further with me. "More, Daddy." Flipping onto my front, I stick my ass in the air. "Need your willy in my hole tonight. Please. It'll take away the scaries."

Salvatore dips his head down and spreads my cheeks. He kisses my rosebud, starting the night off by rimming me. I let out a moan as he drags his tongue along my opening, twisting it into my channel.

His hot, wet tongue performs miracles on my body, and I grip the sheets as he pushes in further. He inserts one finger, then another, and then licks my asshole as he works his digits in and out, writhing in my passage. He picks up a bottle of lube from his suitcase and squirts it in my channel, flitting his tongue to heighten his stimulation, then slides his thumb in deeper to spread it around.

"Damn, baby." A suction sound fills the room as Salvatore pops his digit out, then pushes it in again. "You're so fucking tight. You saved this virgin little hole for Daddy, didn't you?"

I whimper. "Yes, Daddy." Arching my back, I rub my hard weiner on the sheets. "Waited for you to take my virginity. Need you. Now."

Salvatore unbuckles his belt. He casts his pants to the floor, I hear them hit the ornate hardwood, then he tugs his underwear off. He sheds his shirt, then presses his hard dick against my ass, rubbing his tip against my opening.

Salvatore's cock head on my hole feels amazing, and I can't help but shake as I wait for him to spear me. His dick pierces my flesh, but he doesn't slide it in all the way, not yet. He works the tip in my channel, making sure I'm ready, acclimating my back passage to his rod.

Salvatore leans down and bites my left ear. "Daddy can feel that tight wet hole on his willy, boy." He grinds against my opening. "Spread those fucking legs. Daddy wants to stick his wee inside."

I obey Salvatore and push my thighs apart. He plugs me, and I cry as bliss bubbles up within me. My heart feels so full, and I give myself over to him completely.

Heat pools in my gut, and I grind against Salvatore's shaft with everything I have. His giant Daddy cock is an intrusion, and it stings as he pushes deeper. Yet the sting is temporary, and the pain transforms into blinding hot pleasure.

Warm fuzzies build within me. "Yes, Daddy." I let out a sob as I clamp down on Salvatore's dick, rutting hard. "Your cock feels so good. I need your load!"

Salvatore bites my earlobe, sending tingles through my spine. "That's right, precious one." He pushes into my hole harder. "This is Daddy's berry. Mine. No one else's. Grind on Daddy's willy, boy. The Lord didn't give you a body like this to fuck Posy Roses by yourself in your room. You're everything Daddy's ever wanted."

A garbled moan pries itself out of my mouth as I buck on Salvatore's cock, grinding desperately. He lights me up with his thrusts, each more powerful than the last. With every push, he makes me feel like the events of the past twenty-four hours never happened. My interactions with Salem, that piece of shit, fade to the wings, and all I focus on is my Daddy.

Delight surges through me, and I buck on the bed as Salvatore breeds me. His mammoth balls slam against my taint, thwacking into me as sweat pools between us. He bites my neck, and I shake as I use him to reach my peak.

This is it.

The moment I've waited for.

Salvatore's cock is deep in my body, and any second he'll come inside me. I don't worry about being a silly virgin anymore, a boy whose past means he's undesirable. He'll fill me to the brim, and I'll be his forever angel.

"Oh, Daddy." I rub myself on the mattress, fighting the urge to explode. "Your cock makes me so horny! I'm going to explode!"

Salvatore smacks my ass. "Bust it out, pretty boy." He pummels me with love from another angle, working his rod in. "Daddy wants to see you spray your beautiful seed. He'll never let a bad man touch you again. Your Daddy's now, angel. Daddy's to fuck. Daddy's to love. Daddy fucking adores you to the ends of the Earth and back. If anyone lays a fucking finger on you, I'll track them down myself and chop off their fucking head."

My orgasm slams into me. With a libidinous moan, I succumb to my arousal, bucking under him. My cock spurts shot after shot of hot cum into the sheets, soaking them with my cream.

Salvatore reaches between my legs and strokes my quivering dick, cupping my rod in his palm. He brings my emission to his lips and slurps ravenously, sucking his digits, fucking me while he does it, swallowing every drop.

Salvatore fucks me harder, he doesn't relent, doesn't stop for anyone. He grinds in my hole, stoking the embers of my need, pushing me to another precipice. With a surprised gasp, I find my fire burning once more, desire simmering in my gut.

I glance between my legs, and to my surprise, my cock is hard once more. It throbs against the sheets, quivering like a puppy in heat, and I fight off my need, but it sinks its talons into me and doesn't let me go.

"Horny little fucker." Letting out a growl, Salvatore heaves me into his arms. "Daddy can tell his naughty boy isn't done spurting yet. Come with Daddy, sweet one."

With his cock still buried inside me, Salvatore exits the villa and rushes to the ocean. He fucks me the entire time, pummeling me like a Clydesdale stallion while he carries me in his firm muscles. The resort employees gasp as we walk by, but we don't pay them any attention.

When we reach the beach, Salvatore thrusts me on the sand. He lays me on my back, and plows into me from another angle. He stares into my eyes

while he breeds me, refusing to look away, not allowing himself to stop for anyone. His thick uncut cock grinds in my hole, filling me to the brim.

I scream at the top of my lungs as a second orgasm crashes into me. Sand mats my hair and gets onto my sweaty neck, but I don't give a fuck. I sink my fingernails into his neck, using him for my pleasure, letting my desire rip through me and leave me breathless. My cock explodes on my tummy, and I moan as it paints my chest in streaks of white, glistening in the moonlight.

Ducking down, Salvatore snares my lips in a kiss. "I love when you come for me, pretty boy." A bead of sweat drips down his temples as he fucks me even harder. "Daddy's so fucking horny. Get me flustered and bothered like an eighteen-year-old who can't control his erection."

I grasp a fistful of Salvatore's chest hair. "Come in me." A breath escapes me. "Fill me, Daddy. Make me your boy."

With an animalistic roar, Salvatore gives himself over to his orgasm. His gigantic cock shakes in my hole, expelling a never-ending stream of cum. He fills me up, and I cry out as his nectar juts against my insides.

With every thrust, I fall for Salvatore even more. With every shot of seed, I refuse to fight the voice that tells me to be with this man for the rest of my life.

A whimper of passion escapes me as I surrender to Salvatore's thrusts. "Oh, Daddy. That was amazing. I've never felt so wonderful."

Salvatore's eyes rake over my body, and he lets out a groan. "Fuck, I've destroyed you." He swipes his tongue across my lower lip. “Don't be upset with me."

"You're my big strong Daddy." I let out a breath as I rub my cum into my chest. "I'm your boy. You made my wildest dreams come true. Thank you for being such a sweet man."

Salvatore slams his lips on mine. He kisses me with the force of a thousand suns, love blazing between us. He cups my ass, and I want to sob when he tugs his dick out of my hole, but he turns my mood around with another kiss.

Salvatore takes my hand in his and leads me to the sea. We're stark naked, but we don't give a shit who sees. The moon bathes him in milky white, and he looks like a Roman warrior as he cleans the cum from my body.

As Salvatore scoops water onto my head, scrubbing the sand from my hair, taking so much care to ensure that I'm clean before he brings me to bed, where he'll undoubtedly unpack my favorite Little toys for a sweet aftercare session because he knows that's exactly what a boy like me needs after sex, I can't help but think that, with him in my life, with this amazing man who rescued me from harm, I'll never have to worry again.

And it's with this knowledge in mind that, as Salvatore kisses me in the moonlight, with our naked bodies pressed against each other, muscle on muscle, skin on skin, I know that if he dropped to his knees and popped the question tomorrow, I'd say yes. *Yes*. I'd agree to be with this man for the rest of my life.

Nothing would make me happier. Not even the biggest ice cream sundae in the world or a trip to Little Land.

I want Salvatore to be my forever Daddy.

Salvatore palms my ass. "Smurfs is playing at ten tonight. Want to watch?"

I melt as I kiss my man. “Fuck yes.”

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Epilogue

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Salvatore

Six months later

I HAVE THE RING.

The big sparkly diamond ring shaped like a bunny stuffy.

As soon as these pesky disenfranchised youth head to their rooms, I'll pop the question.

I slink my arm around Cove's waist, tugging him close. Boys and girls hurry past us, their eyes wide as they take in their surroundings. They peek at the enormous chandelier, the golden escalator, and the buffet of food my new employees set up for the celebration.

Fresh dinosaur nuggets and home-cooked fries light our noses up. A fountain with my special lemonade recipe flows on an ornate table, surrounded by crystal drink ware. Plates of blondies Cove helped me bake, the same treats I couldn't feed him six months ago, sit on purple napkins, ready for the hungry teenagers to dig in to.

Today's the day. The *big* day where I finally unveil my new development. After I brought charges against the municipality board for listening to Justin —who disappeared under mysterious circumstances a little while back, shhh—they granted my approval at once.

I hired the best architecture firm in LA, and the construction company I contracted with began work the following week. Five months later, I have the only free housing complex for underprivileged adolescents in California. The mayor even gave me the keys to the city to congratulate me for a job well done.

Apparently, other billionaires in LA don't give a shit about helping the less fortunate. It disgusts me, and makes me want to grab a motherfucking machete and chop off their heads.

Cove picks up his baby bottle of lemonade, then rests his cheek against my shoulder. "You're amazing, Daddy." He shakes his head in amusement. "These kids have a place to stay because of you. If you hadn't built The Bunny Sanctuary, they'd have nowhere else to go."

That's the name of my project. The Bunny Sanctuary. Cove picked it out for me, and when I heard it spring forth from his lips, like a command from a fucking god, I knew I had to choose it.

I run my palm across Cove's back, cupping his gorgeous ass. "You're the one I should thank, pretty boy." I let out a sigh. "Without you, I would've been trapped in my workaholic ways. It's the fourth Saturday of the month today, and instead of celebrating this historic feat, I'd be heading to the Lake Projects to serve another family an eviction notice."

Cove sniffles. "You've done so much good in this city." He drags two fingers down my arm. "I'm glad you listened to me and asked how to help youth in need. This will make a tremendous difference in their lives."

When Cove and I sat down to plan this project, I took in every word he said. He hooked me up with teens who explained their life stories to me. It was heartbreaking when they spoke about their drug-addicted mothers and siblings who cared for them because their parents gambled their paychecks away. It pissed me off that the system failed these boys and girls, letting them down so badly.

With Cove's assistance, we crafted a program so these teenagers could attend school during the day and help with communal chores at night. They cook for the residents, clean the facilities, and take out garbage. I don't need to hire property managers or waste money on unnecessary expenses. The

model has proved so popular that metropolises across the country asked me to license it.

It's sweet, really. I didn't set out trying to make the world a better place. But with Cove in my life, it's hard not to. We're revolutionizing the way the USA treats disenfranchised youth.

Cove glances at the buffet table and rubs his belly. "Those dino nuggets look so good." He takes a sip from his baby bottle. "Baby's hungry."

I pat Cove's bum, loving the sensation of his diaper underneath his cute blue schoolboy shorts. "Grab some food for you and Daddy." I squeeze his ass. "Get Daddy a blondie. He wants something sweet."

Cove's cheeks flush pink, and he giggles. "You shouldn't need anything sweet when you have me." He rubs his butt against my palm. "I'm the sweetest boy in LA. I give my Daddy diabetes."

I let out a groan, fighting the urge to pepper Cove with kisses. He has no idea how precious he is. *None whatsoever.*

"Chip chop." I eye Cove sternly. "Daddy doesn't want to discipline you in front of these residents."

Cove's gaze flits around the gathering. He sees the boys and girls excited to live in their new home, the security guards I vetted a thousand times, the floor managers who'll keep everyone in check. He turns his eyes back to me, then runs his fingers through his hair.

"No, Daddy." Cove shakes his head like the most adorable bobblehead figurine. "That'd be inappropriate."

That's my boy. "Smart choice." I let out a growl as I push Cove toward the food. "Grab us a plate before Daddy dies of hunger. We'll keep it PG."

As Cove pounces on the buffet table, I can't help but think how fucking lucky I am. Less than a year ago, I was a miserable workaholic who swore off love. My ex-boyfriend broke my fucking heart and I was convinced I'd never find a boy again.

Cove changed everything. With one sentence in the Lake Projects, a single plea to settle his mother's debt in a unique way, he altered my life course. Now, I can't imagine waking up in the morning without Cove by my side.

We've dealt with violence, but I resolved it quickly and promised never to let Cove out of my sight again. He's heading to UCLA this fall for his artist program, and I contracted ten armed security guards to follow him to class. They'll provide me with updates throughout the day and maintain a live video feed of him to ensure he's always safe from predators like his dead fake Dad.

And I put Cove's mother into gambling rehab. She's making progress, and she apologized for forcing him to take on the role of the adult in their relationship. She's even started painting with her neighborhood lady friends again. I still don't trust her. She placed her son in a position to sell his body to me. That's not what good mothers do, even though she's in therapy to address the abuse her husband subjected her to. I'm sure Cove and his mother will overcome their problems eventually and get back to who they were before his fake Dad destroyed their lives. But for now, I want him to be careful when he sees her.

Cove returns with food. "I got you dino nuggets, French fries, honey mustard dippies, two blondies, and a glass of lemonade." He beams. "Is that enough, Daddy?"

This little stinker. With a laugh, I tug Cove close to me and kiss his cheek. "That's plenty, pretty boy." Letting out a growl, I accept the plate from him. "But don't think you're off the hook."

Cove bats his eyelashes. "What do you mean, Daddy?"

"The food will be amazing." Dropping my hand, I cup Cove's ass and squeeze his cheeks. "But when we finish, Daddy needs his special dessert. A Little boy treat to satisfy his hungry heart."

Cove squeals as he swoons into my palm. He wiggles his butt against my fingers, then hugs me.

"Of course, Daddy." Cove rubs his nose in my chest. "I adore giving myself to you. Maybe we can even do it before my show at the art gallery next

Friday night."

Last week, I hooked Cove up with a surprise he couldn't believe. I contacted a top art gallery in LA, the top, actually, and said I knew an artist with a unique style people would love. I showed the owner Cove's paintings, and promised they'd sell out if they allowed him to put on an exhibit.

The owner loved Cove's work, and informed me they had an opening next Friday night. All we have to do is drum up enough community support for his paintings and he'll make a splash in the art community.

I've already paid one thousand people to show up. There's nothing wrong with fake buzz to get the ball rolling.

"That sounds like a plan." Twining my fingers around Cove's, I lead him toward a set of chairs. "Let's eat, baby boy."

Cove and I sit next to each other, then dig into the grub. I haven't had dinosaur nuggets since I was a child, and these blow my mind. The blondies are delicious, and the white chocolate chips melt in my mouth. Nothing compares to the sweet lemonade we wash our meal down with, which I drink in one gulp.

Cove rests his head against my shoulder. I lift his bunny bottle, then remove the cap. Placing the nipple between his cheeks, I order him to suck. His eyes drift shut, and his eyelashes fan out over his cheeks.

As he drinks, I can't help but think that I'm the most fortunate man alive. Cove and I have gone through so much, but our struggles strengthened our relationship. We still have trauma to work through, and we attend therapy sessions every week, but we'll heal soon.

That's the beauty of a partner who accepts you for who you are. You make peace with your past faster because the love of your life is by your side.

Cove removes his mouth from his bottle. "So yummy, Daddy." He presses his palm on his tummy. "I so full."

I stare into Cove's eyes and realize that I must do it now.

It's time to pop the question.

The big, beautiful question that will determine if Cove and I are as serious as we think.

We've discussed marriage before, but we wanted to wait until we started therapy before tying the knot. Now that we're recovering from our trauma, it's time.

I take Cove's hand in mine and lead him to the center of the lobby. The youth are digging into a second round of blondies, but they all turn to face us when we arrive.

After dropping to one knee, I remove the box from my back pocket.

"Daddy has a question, pretty boy." Massaging Cove's trembling fingers, I crack open the velvet box. "These past six months have been the best of my life. I've loved growing with you and being your Daddy. We've been through a lot of shit, and it'll take time for us to heal. But I want to continue this journey with you. I was a lonely man before I became your Daddy, but now I'm the happiest man in LA. Will you marry me?"

Cove's eyes well with tears as he looks at the ring. He meets my gaze, then he thrusts his arms around my neck.

"Yes, Daddy." He hugs me as tight as he can. "I was poor and dead broke when I met you in the Lake Projects. I'd fantasized about you for years, but I never thought you'd take an interest in me. When you asked to be my Daddy, I thought you were lying. My father abused me, and my mother played slots all day. No man ever treated me kindly in my life. You changed my life and turned my entire world around. Thanks to you, I'm attending UCLA this fall and pursuing my dreams of being an artist. You hooked me up with a gallery to display my paintings of Posy Roses and you bought me hundreds of canvases to create my masterpieces. I love everything about you, from the way you put on my diaper to the fierceness with which you rail me in bed. You fuck me so good, Daddy. You make my wee so hard and you give me more life-changing orgasms than my stuffy ever has. Yes, I want to be your boy. I'll marry you, Daddy. You'll make me the happiest boy in the world!"

I slide the ring onto Cove's finger, marveling at the way the diamond sparkles under the chandelier lights. I kiss his hand, then thrust him into my

arms.

"I love you so much, pretty boy." I crush my mouth to Cove's, kissing him with everything I have. "*Mine*."

Cove studies the ring and his jaw drops when he sees the name of the designer.

He wraps his arms around my neck. "I love you, too, Daddy. I can't wait to be with you forever."

The photographers in my brand-new building snap pictures, but we don't pay them any attention. Let them watch for all I care. As I kiss Cove, swirling my tongue around his mouth with so much passion it almost makes me explode, I realize that, for the rest of my existence on Earth, I get to spend it with this boy by my side.

Let my enemies try to hunt us down. Let them fucking try.

Cove's my boy and I'm his Daddy.

Forever.

"Daddy can't wait until next Friday night, angel." My cock turns into a rod as I squeeze Cove's ass, feeling his crinkly diaper. "He's going to love you so damn good after your exhibit at the art gallery."

Cove presses his hard dick against my hips. "I'm ready, Daddy!" He giggles then thrusts his hand between my thighs and grabs my aching rod. "Let's head to the janitor's closet for some secret fun. I won't tell."

I smile as Cove rubs my cock. "Hurry, pretty boy. Daddy's self-control won't last long."

Want to grab a FREE bonus scene where Salvatore and Cove put on their art show? Get it HERE!

Want to read more about Christian, Rowan, Karter and the rest of the boys Cove played with at Little Land? Check out Christian and Nikolai's story

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Wondering about Christian and the rest of the boys Cove played with at Little Land? Check out the first book in my bestselling *Russian Protectors* series! It follows nineteen-year-old Christian as he meets his forever protector at a nightclub in New York City. It includes age play, stuffies, sweetness, and a guaranteed HEA!

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About the Author

Hi! I'm Aster Rae. I write MM Mafia stories with lots of love and heart. When I'm not writing, I can be found munching on dairy-free ice cream bars and daydreaming about my favorite Mafia hunks.

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